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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

The Listener

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Water-lilies on a pond in an Essex garden (see page 38)

Democracy in a Hot Climate By Austen Kark

The Shape of Our Galaxy
By Patrick Moore

Shakespeare and Co., Paris
By Sylvia Beach

Sludge and Space Travel By Magnus Pyke

Art in Canada Today By John Steegman

> Norwegian Song By Robert Layton





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The Listener

Vol. LXII. No. 1579

Thursday July 2 1959

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Democracy in a Hot Climate

By AUSTEN KARK

EST AFRICA is not a civilization or a culture: it is a climate and a way of living in that climate'. This was said to me a few weeks ago by an African writer in the Ivory Coast, and certainly if one goes to West Africa at this time of the year one is not likely to ignore the temperature and the high humidity. Within minutes of leaving the air-conditioned comfort of an airliner the clothes are sticking to one's back; it becomes difficult to write without smudging the ink on the paper sticking damply to one's hand; and one begins to realize that even a short walk is likely to exhaust any reserves of energy.

This is the part of the world which not many years ago was called the White Man's Grave. It was also the Black Man's Grave, but this was less noticeable since there were a great many Africans and few Europeans. It is only recently that the lethal combination of climate and disease has been broken down by new drugs and more and more extensive public health measures. Africa is a land of excesses; of intense heat, of enormous mineral

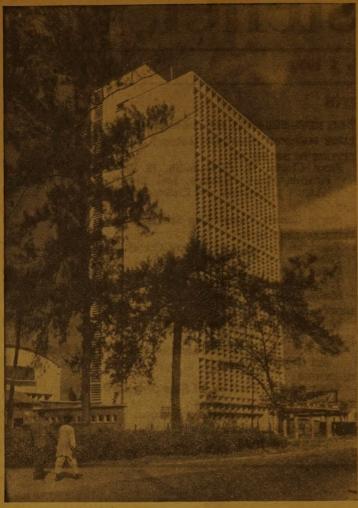
Africa is a land of excesses; of intense heat, of enormous mineral wealth, of rich growth of timber, rubber, and cocoa, of luxurious fruits and multi-coloured flowers. It is also a continent of poverty, and of vast tracts of unproductive desert. In West Africa alone there is the full gamut from pure desert through savannah to luxuriant primary forests. Even within one small territory, there is the contrast of weeks of torrential rain followed by months of drought, when the great rivers diminish to slow, narrow and brackish streams, looking as inept as a small baby in a double bed. Modern cities with skyscrapers are within ten kilometres of jostling, primitive communities living in mud huts. There are magnificently constructed highways, but there are incomparably

more dirt and dust tracks. In some parts of eastern Nigeria the density of population rivals that of Holland: there are other large areas of West Africa where the average population works out at one person per square kilometre. In the large cities there are telephones, airports, and radio stations, but for large parts of the interior, word of mouth and the talking drums are virtually the only forms of communication. Added to this is the problem of literally hundreds of languages and even more dialects.

It is against this background that the evolution and development of West Africa must be seen. Against the heat, the humidity, the flies, the ever-present, red laterite dust, and the diseases: malaria, bilharzia, black-water fever, syphilis, sleeping sickness, river-blindness, leprosy, tuberculosis, and the slow debilitation of malnutrition. It was against these conditions that the Africans learned to live in a wide variety of societies, ranging from great indigenous civilizations, some of which had evolved a rule of law and an effective system of administration and were progressing towards the manufacture of steel, down to small tribal groups, who existed in some form of pre-Stone Age culture.

The Europeans came to West Africa little more than a century ago, for a variety of reasons. Some came, like the British, to put an end to the slave traffic and to explore the continent, and then stayed to colonize and train. Others came principally for economic adventure and others for trade. Eventually all took part in the urge to open up the Dark Continent. But as well as the administrators, the traders, the explorers, and prospectors, there came missionaries, doctors, teachers, and later engineers and technicians.

The effect of colonial rule was various; no two powers had the same system or the same ideals. But, in general, one could claim



Contrasts in Nigeria: a modern bank building in Ibadan-

that the Europeans established some kind of law and order, virtually wiping out tribal warfare and slavery and progressively eliminating the more disturbing atavistic habits of cannibalism and ritual murder. The Europeans, too, opened up at least part of the hinterland, establishing the beginnings of a modern system of communications, with roads, bridges, railways, and airlines. They also attacked the main diseases and, in some cases, by obliterating the outstanding killers and introducing public sanitation, doubled the expectancy of life in twenty years. They introduced modern techniques in agriculture and brought under control various natural disasters such as floods, droughts and locust plagues. They created conditions whereby some of the pagan population became Christians and Muslims, and they scratched at the enormous problem of education. Not least, they invested capital in the territories which has led to the beginnings of industrial develop-

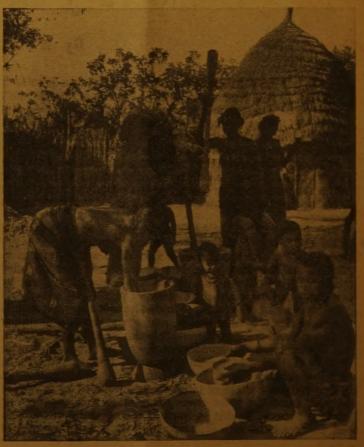
The last two or three years have seen a fantastic acceleration, with African states almost unheard of except in geography lessons becoming politically important, Ghana and Guinea have joined Liberia as sovereign and independent states. Next year Nigeria, with its population of more than 34,000,000, the largest African state, will, like its predecessor Ghana, take its place as an independent nation within the British Commonwealth. The French mandated territories of Togoland and the Cameroons will advance to complete independence, to be followed later by the British Colony of Sierra Leone. The states of what used to be called French West and Equatorial Africa are now members of the new French Community, their Prime Ministers sitting with the President, the Prime Minister, and other Ministers of France, on the Executive Council of the Community. They have the constitutional position of autonomous republics, responsible for the government of their own territories, with certain powers being reserved to the community as a whole, such as defence, fiscal policy, and foreign affairs. Even the Belgian Congo, which seemed until recently to be isolated from the prevailing spirit of dynamic

African nationalism, has been promised eventual independence. The whole picture of Africa has radically changed and that of West Africa most of all. Against the historical time scale, before you have had time to turn a page, all the text books are obsolete: West Africa has changed overnight from a territory of 60,000,000 people ruled by a few thousand Europeans to a series of African states governed by Africans.

There have been many critics in Europe and elsewhere of what has been called the democratic experiment in Africa. They have pointed to various examples of autocratic government, of the whittling down of opposition parties, of the imprisonment of dissenting political leaders, of corruption in government administration, and have foretold disaster. Some have prophesied fascist dictatorship and the complete withdrawal of civil rights. Others have gloomily anticipated the collapse of any form of government. Most have concluded that the experiment has been a failure and that Africans are not yet ready to govern their own states or, at least, not sufficiently evolved to govern them in a democratic way.

My interpretation is otherwise; my position, one of cautious optimism. First, it is unrealistic to consider any alternative to self-government. The strong tide of African nationalism can no more be withstood than the waves of the sea. Or, to be more precise, African nationalism can only be stifled by force.

The problem in West Africa is twofold. On the one hand, there is the difficulty of creating economic and political stability and a sense of statehood in new nations, probably composed of several different tribes, some of them hereditary enemies, all with different languages and with a feeling of loyalty only to the family or the tribe. Secondly, there is the question of acclimatization, of transplanting a system of government which came to birth over long centuries of evolution among the green fields of France and Britain to a land of jungle, bush, and desert, where less than two generations ago feudal chiefs were warring and human flesh was being sold in the market place. The traditions are entirely different from those of Europe and the conditions could hardly be more dissimilar. Where there was civilization, it was not of our pattern. And, in what amounts to a fantastic compression of the history of Western civilization, many African



-and a village scene

Photographs: J. Allan Cash

territories have jumped a millennium in half a century, have been transplanted from primitive tribalism to something approaching modern industrial society.

approaching modern industrial society.

Almost all these West African states are fast moving towards a kind of autocracy, however much it may be clothed in the

constitutional dress inherited from Paris or London. There is a cogent argument that, given these conditions of having to create nations out of a medley of peoples at disparate stages of evolution, some such form of strong central government is essential if stability is to be maintained. Certainly it is true that most of these states are building a one-party form of government. Conceived in terms of European practice, this may seem reprehensible. But in an African context it becomes understandable. To the newly formed African governments an official opposition party which wants to form an alternative government is a threat to the security of the state. This is to some extent because the African parties are not, in the main, collections of people sharing the same political philosophy, but nationalist movements, embracing individuals of completely different political colour. Oppo-sition is likely to be tribal or regional rather than political,

and thus threatens the foundations of the state. As one African politician explained it to me: 'Those who are against us are traitors to the nation. They are disloyal to the national movement which brought us independence. They strike at the roots of our country'. He went on to remind me of the dominant tradition of his people: 'Before the Europeans came, we ruled ourselves in

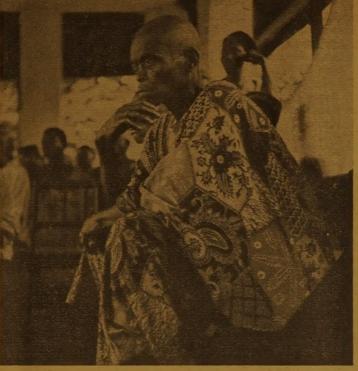
small tribal societies. The elders elected a chief. The chiefs elected a paramount chief. Now once he was elected, how do you suppose he would have reacted to an opposition paramount chief—to a man who would get up and say to the people: "If you don't like your chief, I am ready to accept the burdens of office"? I tell you what would have

tell you what would have happened: the paramount chief would have cut off his head. I don't necessarily approve of that, but the alternative would have been civil war. And that's just what we're not going to have disrupt our new nation'.

The African climate is harsh and the traditions developed in the long fight against the excesses of nature are fiercer than those we have acquired in our centuries of more temperate existence. Most responsible African leaders believe that they will evolve their own system of democracy, but that it will be an African system and that it is likely to appear in its fullness only after a state has been securely built.

A European industrialist in West Africa told me of an experiment he had made. He had divided up his African staff and put half of them into an air-conditioned room and left the remainder in the natural heat. Productivity in the air-

conditioned group increased by



Village chief in Eastern Nigeria, at a meeting of the elders

about 30 per cent. 'So much', he said, 'for the story that Africans can't work as hard as Europeans. But you can't expect European standards unless you provide European conditions'. This remark goes for politics, too. Democracy in a hot climate with an uneducated, non-cohesive population, is not the same as democracy in the temperate, long-civilized world of Europe.—European Services

Peace by Contract?

ROBERT HELLER on collective wage bargaining in U.S.A.

The United States of America is threatened with a national steel strike after wage bargaining which has been described as 'the most important labour negotiation in the United States since the war'. This talk was broadcast on June 24

T first sight the critical labour negotiations which have been taking place in New York between the United Steelworkers union and the major steel companies might appear to give little encouragement to the advocates of long-term wage contracts. The fact that wage talks are the first to be staged in three years by organizations wielding such great economic power does lend an added intensity to the rituals of collective bargaining, particularly when the decisions reached may well determine levels of pay, working conditions, and benefits for a further long period. So much hinges on negotiations of this nature that it is not surprising to find initially one side demanding a standstill on labour costs while the other claims the greatest advances in pay, holidays, and benefits in its history.

The effort to reach a mutually satisfactory settlement within these diametrically opposed positions is overshadowed from the start by the automatic strike deadline inherent in the contract's date of expiry. Since consumers are also aware of this potential deadline, they take the obvious precaution of building up their stocks to abnormally high levels—a fact which in itself increases

the chances of a strike. Management and union must at one and the same time attempt to achieve a solution at the bargaining table and to deploy their forces for the threatened stoppage. In these days the latter manoeuvres include strenuous efforts to win public support, through press conferences, through direct advertising in the press and other media, and through the various devices of inventive public relations advisers. This approach probably does more to create an atmosphere of tension and disagreement than to give either side a tangible advantage in the dispute.

These circumstances by no means entirely reflect the peculiar characteristics of long-term contracts. Recent experience has amply demonstrated the apparently great difficulties of reaching new agreements of more than two years' duration in major industries. But neither has post-war experience shown that important settlements are any easier to obtain when restricted to only a year. The three-year contract signed in 1956 after a five-week strike was the first steel pact to exceed twelve months. Since then there has been peace in the steel industry, which between the end of the war and 1955 experienced four major strikes, one of them dragging on for fifty-four days in 1952. The simple point that a long-term contract, in normal circumstances, guarantees a prolonged period without serious labour troubles is perhaps the strongest argument in favour of extending contracts for two years or longer.

Free from recurrent threats of strike action and also from months of arduous bargaining each year, management is provided with a fairly exact indication of future labour costs, sufficiently far in advance to enable adequate forward planning of investment, production, and marketing policies.

Lengthening Labour Agreements

These advantages have in the past seemed so overwhelming that management has pressed for contracts running as long as five years. The car industry, the first to conclude an important long-term contract, signed a five-year pact with the United Auto Workers in 1950. If the steel companies' original proposal had been accepted in 1956 the contract then signed would not have expired until 1961. Throughout industry there has been an unmistakable trend towards lengthening the life of labour agreements. By early 1956 the traditional year-to-year agreement, still predominant although on a less formal and far less comprehensive nature in the United Kingdom, accounted for only a third of the thousands of major contracts in existence in the United States. Today, about half of the agreements affecting 5,000 or more workers run for three years or longer, and few last for less than two years. It seems likely that, despite the misgivings of many industrialists, shorter contracts will continue to be replaced by agreements offering more lasting assurances to labour and

Many of the present long-term agreements, however, are far removed from the model of the United Steelworkers' or United Auto Workers' pacts, which are the most advanced in industry. Nearly all contracts make provision for wage increases during their life. Some name a date for reopening discussions on pay; or they stipulate the conditions for reopening, normally to follow a rise in the cost of living. Agreements affecting far more workers deal with rising living costs by providing automatic wage increases linked to movements in the retail price index. The largest number of workers, however, is covered by a fixed increase known variously as the 'annual improvement factor', the 'annual productivity increase' or simply as a deferred wage rise, to be paid on dates named in the contract. The steel and car contracts include both annual pay rises and cost of living increases. So do agreements in other metal industries, electrical engineering, aircraft

manufacturing, and road transport.

It is no coincidence that these contracts have been made by the most powerful American unions, among them the Teamsters, the United Auto Workers, the United Steelworkers and the Machinists. These unions have been able to demand high prices for agreements binding them to fixed conditions, benefits and levels of pay so far ahead. Three years ago it was the steel companies who approached the union at the start of negotiations with a substantial offer for a five-year contract. Before the union would agree to depart from the established practice of annual bargaining, the duration of the contract had to be reduced to three years without a commensurate cut in the cost of the agreement. Recently there has been much heart-searching as to whether industry has not paid too high a price for long-term contracts in the past.

The Union Leader

But many union leaders have in fact come to like long-term agreements which originated with management. There are several reasons for this, one of them doubtless the fact that they have previously won such important concessions through long-term contract negotiations. Another probable explanation is the normal reluctance of labour leaders to abandon a position once attained. A critical role is played by pressures within the labour movement, arising both from the leader's own membership and from the competition of leaders in other powerful unions. In the United States, possibly to a greater extent than in other countries, the authority of a union leader depends largely on his success in improving the economic position of his members. Thus the grave corruption charges levelled by Senate investigators at the Teamsters Union, the largest in the country, have had no apparent effect on the allegiance of its members to a leadership successful at the bargaining table.

The long-term contract relieves the strain of annual efforts to surpass the previous year's gains, or to leap-frog the advances

won in another industry, and releases the Union's head for a political role within organized labour or on a larger stage. The union executive has more time to prepare its strategy, to consolidate its ranks, and to build up strike funds, which in these days of declining or static membership for the large industrial unions could not long sustain frequent mass walkouts. In addition, the renewal of contracts after a long period provides a better opportunity than does annual bargaining for a drive to improve contract clauses other than those affecting wages. For example, after the five-year car industry contracts expired in 1955, the United Auto Workers, which under Walter Reuther has pioneered many of the post-war gains of organized labour, was able to obtain its historic concession on unemployment pay from the Ford Motor Company.

This precedent-setting concession, referred to by the union as the guaranteed annual wage and described by the labour contracts as the supplemental unemployment benefit, provides for company additions to state unemployment relief for laid-off workers. The evident tendency for a huge backlog of claims to mount up during long-term contracts, aggravated by inter-union leap-frogging, may explain why five-year agreements had so brief a vogue in cars and

The understandable opposition in some industries to very longterm contracts does not explain increasing uncertainty on the wisdom of long-term agreements in general. Such contracts have a basic disadvantage from management's point of view in that their generosity will inevitably tend to vary with the business conditions prevailing at the time of negotiation. In 1955 and 1956 the two major industrial unions, the United Auto Workers and the United Steelworkers, benefited from the boom conditions of a period in which the American economy reached new heights. The higher costs actually incurred in entering a long-term agreement may seem more reasonable in a boom year than they do when business conditions have deteriorated.

Wage Increases in a Trade Recession

This has been the recent experience of the steel industry. By the summer of last year, when the third and final wage increase under its three-year contract fell due, the industry had been forced by the general recession to reduce its operations to little more than half of capacity. Yet the companies had to pay a large contractual wage increase in addition to the heavy cost-of-living adjustments which had also accrued. Higher wages were followed by the third in a series of price rises which have added 20 per cent. to the cost of steel since July 1956. The action of the companies in raising prices at a time of greatly depressed demand drew sharp criticism, notably in Washington; since, according to the economics of an earlier era, the recession should have exerted downward pressure on prices. The events in steel last year have certainly been more important than any other single cause in bringing the long-term contract into mistrust and returning the wage-price spiral to the political limelight.

This disconcerting experience must have been much in the minds of steel company directors as they prepared for this year's negotiations. But economic conditions can prove to be a twoedged sword, undercutting the position of labour and not of management. Early last year, when negotiations on replacing the United Auto Workers' contract with the major car companies began, the industry's deepening depression gave its bargaining representatives an initiative which was never entirely lost. The strike weapon lost all value when stocks of new cars were piling up and production and employment were declining week by week. Mr. Reuther was forced to keep his members working without a contract until production of 1960 cars began in the early autumn. Only then could the union press successfully for an advance on the companies' original offer of a two-year extension of the

expired contract.

This year, as in 1956, the steel companies have had to bargain with the union against a background of near-capacity production and high profits. The one-year wage freeze proposal which they put forward in these circumstances suggests a significant point. It implies, not that the industry was necessarily wrong to seek a long-term contract in 1956, but that the settlement was too generous—in fact, about 25 per cent. too generous. It is true that the nature of long-term contracts and contract negotiations does somewhat increase the chances of a costly settlement. But the experience of the United States and other countries has emphasized that shorter agreements are no protection against the effectiveness of vigorous union action in support of ambitious demands.

Criticism of Monolithic Power

The frequent expressions of steel industry dissatisfaction with its labour relations have consisted in great part of criticism of the so-called monolithic power of the industry-wide unions and of the latter's misuse of great and unchecked economic strength. Recently managements in several industries have attempted to produce an effective counter to the unions' bargaining force. Agreement to share profits in the event of a partial strike is one tactic which the airline industry has adopted and the steel industry has debated. Company appeals to individual employees and to the general public have essentially the same object of restoring the balance of power at the bargaining table. Events have shown that normally management cannot add greatly to its armoury in these ways. But the vital importance of solidarity between negotiating companies is now widely recognized. Such solidarity has long been achieved in steel, where the three largest companies in effect represent the industry in joint bargaining.

In the car industry, Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler negotiate separately with the union, which in recent years has concentrated its pressure on one company at a time. The United Auto Workers' successful pressure on Ford in 1955 is credited with forcing on the industry a more generous settlement than could otherwise have been obtained. But in its latest negotiations the car industry appeared to present the united front without which single companies must be at some disadvantage when facing one powerful union. Similarly, several small unions would encounter real drawbacks in negotiating with an industrial complex the size of General Motors or United States Steel. The growth of the large industry-wide union in the United States, which contrasts sharply with the continued importance of several independent unions in British engineering, represents labour's response to the concentration of the major industries. Given this situation, the long-term contract may be the best available means of reconciling the power of the unions with a reasonably orderly settlement of wage issues and allied employment questions.

To some industrialists, the long-term contract has offered more, the chance of stemming the seemingly irresistible tide of union power. It has been argued that the staging of negotiations at long intervals weakens the strength of the unions by rusting their most potent weapon, the strike. So far events have not supported this view, notably in the car and steel industries. But there are grounds for believing that such contracts, when combined with a determined management approach to collective bargaining, can give an industry labour stability without excessive cost. Last year the car manufacturers presented the United Auto Workers with a fixed position which they maintained until late in the negotiations. By this time the gap between the union and company positions was sufficiently narrow to enable a settlement which was probably little removed from the industry's best expectations. The companies' tactics attracted union taunts of 'Boulwareism'—a name attached to the paternalistic wage policies adopted by the General Electric Company when Lemuel K. Boulware was in charge of its labour relations.

Firmness in Negotiations

The General Electric policy is based on absolute firmness in negotiations; refusal to be intimidated by the strike weapon; presentation of its own proposals on workers' benefits instead of accession to union claims; and an energetic propaganda campaign, within the company and outside it, against excessive union power. In recent negotiations on employment security the company again demonstrated that it could hold its own against the International Union of Electrical Workers. But the company's policy will be more severely tested next year, when the present five-year contracts in the electrical industry expire. Many executives in other industries dislike the implication that they are adopting a similar approach, which they believe may work with the relatively weak Electrical Workers but would certainly fail with

the Auto Workers of Walter Reuther or the Steel Workers of David McDonald.

There has nevertheless been a perceptible hardening of management's attitude towards collective bargaining, doubtless as a result of its experiences under the long-term contracts of the 'fifties. It has yet to be shown whether this new intransigence will result in more frequent and more bitter strikes or in settlements more satisfactory to management and less inflationary for United States labour costs. But it does seem clear that labour difficulties, in particular the as yet unsolved problem of the wage-price spiral, which have coincided with the era of the long-term contract, result not from this innovation but from other and basically independent circumstances. If reasonable settlements can be reached, the long-term contract provides important advantages for management, labour, and the economy as a whole. But if companies yield to what they themselves consider excessive demands, a long-term contract can only compound and extend an error which would in any event have been committed.

Comparison with British Methods

The limitations of long-term contracts would apply not on'y to the United States but to any highly industrialized country where the trade unions have acquired similar bargaining strength. It is also justifiable to assume that the benefits of long-term agreements might also be derived in countries, such as Britain, where short, less formal compacts leave undetermined a wide number of issues which, in the United States, are carefully delineated in labour contracts. This is not to say that American collective bargaining techniques could be transferred to British industry, even if this were desirable. Despite trends in that direction, British unions remain effectively less centralized than those in the United States, not only because many matters are dealt with at the local level that are primarily the concern of American union heads, but because of major differences in the thinking of the British labour movement and in its place in industry.

In other words, the long-term comprehensive contract with the force of law demands a centralized union bureaucracy and one that, far from being hostile to management, tends to compete with it for the leadership in an industry. A shift to American methods could probably not be accomplished without a great expansion in the powers of union leaders within their movements and within industry, a probability that raises numerous other questions of importance in addition to that of the desirability of long-term contracts. Serious difficulties in printing, a craft industry with its own special problems, but where the parallel between United States and British labour contracts most nearly exists, do not necessarily prove that long-term inclusive contracts cannot be made to work smoothly in British conditions. But, if American experience is a guide, the evolution of the long-term comprehensive contract will be a response—in the case of the United States one of the most significant of the post-war period —to fundamental changes in these conditions.—Third Programme

THE LISTENER NEXT WEEK

will include

A New Window on the Universe by H. S. W. Massey

(Quain Professor of Physics, London University)

Henry James and the Young Men by Leonard Woolf

Ingmar Bergman as Film Director by J. G. Weightman

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The Listener

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1959

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Help for the Arts

HE question of 'help' for 'the arts'—ranging from how to fill gaps in the collection of the National Gallery by the purchase of masterpieces to how to induce villagers to attend concerts in a community hall—has been thrashed out in dozens of different reports, articles, and books ever since the end of the last war. A recent addition is the report to the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation compiled by four eminent public figures, a report that is reflective rather than statistical and rightly received attention in the national press. The report observes:

In learning to love art men and women not only sharpen their emotions and relate them to intelligence, but they learn to discriminate between different pleasures and to prefer what is of lasting value to what is fugitive.

It is added that 'the trend of our social conditions means that a far greater proportion of the people of this country will, in years to come, have leisure and the means to enjoy the arts'. But will they make use of them? Will they indeed learn 'to love art'? Will they come to discriminate between the fugitive and the lasting? Between the ideal and the reality falls a shadow.

Demand creates supply, but does supply necessarily create demand in the realm of art? The Calouste Gulbenkian report says, for example, that greater support is needed for the arts than in the past—'support' in this connotation meaning money—and it adds that 'far more needs to be done today to render the arts accessible, particularly in the provinces'. But will the public, 'provincial' or other, welcome what is offered them, however accessible? Will expenditure of money on the goods be justified? Lord Bridges, who contribute to the Calouste Gulbenkian report, recently explained in his Romanes lecture the 'Treasury view' that the general public does not always think it right to spend money on the arts in preference, say, to forms of social welfare. Again Mr. Quentin Bell, who has recently visited a number of art collections in our larger cities and written about them in THE LISTENER, called them 'forgotten galleries'. It is therefore not enough for well-meaning charitable trusts or for the Government merely to lavish money on deserving artists; they must also see that people appreciate them.

The point is considered in the report. The beginning must be made, and to some extent is being made, in the schools, although, as correspondence in our columns lately showed, there is room for difference of opinion about existing methods of teaching art. Then come the universities. It is suggested that 'in general' they 'are content to play a passive role' and that the authorities leave to a few individual dons or keen tutors the stimulation of interest in students, who form a vast potential audience for the arts. After the educational stage has been passed, it is less easy to catch up, although it is noted that 'the music and the plays broadcast by the B.B.C. over the last thirty years have greatly increased the numbers of the public receptive to those arts'. Maybe the proposal that arts officers should be appointed by a group of local authorities would be fruitful in collecting a genuine demand. Then perhaps both central and local authorities will prove more generous to the arts. Undoubtedly artists and writers have still to educate their masters—and their patrons.

What They Are Saying

The Shah and a mystery radio station

IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF SUSPENSE surrounding Iraq, where the struggle for power seems unresolved, it has been illuminating to note what Russian broadcasters have been saying to the Middle East about Iraq's neighbour, Iran, which, of course, remains a member of the Baghdad Alliance. Moscow radio in Arabic quoted an Iranian newspaper report that 'Turkey has proposed sending two military units to Iran'. The Russian commentator considered that Washington ordered this, and he went on:

What are the objectives of the leaders of the Baghdad Pact in taking such a step? To answer this question one must first consider what is going on in Iran today. The people of Iran are increasing their struggle against the Shah's clique, which has placed Iran in the orbit of United States policy. Hatred of the Government is growing, and is expressed by all citizens, including nationalist officers. In such circumstances the Army cannot be a reliable and faithful support. Therefore the West tries to drive away the ghost of King Feisal, which is becoming much clearer behind the Shah of Iran, by means of foreign forces.

The Russian broadcaster continued:

This is only one aspect. We must consider Iraq too. The countries of the Baghdad Pact have been used for several months for the struggle against revolutionary Iraq.

Finally this Moscow transmission quoted a report that the Shah of Iran is preparing to visit Jordan, one of Iraq's neighbours. 'A question arises', said the Russian commentator, 'is not the purpose of such a visit to plan a common policy against Iraq?

The mysterious 'National Voice of Iran' station, broadcasting in Persian, also took up the 'ghost of King Feisal' theme which Moscow was using at about the same time. It said:

The Shah's opening of the atomic centre in Teheran recalled the day when the late King Feisal opened an atomic centre in Baghdad. The Iraqis had disregarded Feisal's efforts to convert the country into a foreign colony through his treacherous foreign policy, but the Iraqi people overthrew the régime of Feisal and Nuri es-Sa'id. Through the opening of the atomic centre, the Shah thinks he can divert the attention of the public from the anti-national policy of the court and from injustices inflicted by foreign corporations... There can be no progress for the country until the rule of the Shah and his gang is ended.

In another transmission the 'National Voice of Iran' broadcast

what it said was the statement of a Teheran newspaper editor made to the radio's reporter. The alleged statement ran thus:

The Shah's monthly press conferences are further proof of his flouting of the democratic system in our country. Under the terms of the Constitution, the Shah has no right to express himself on the affairs of the country, which come within the competence of Parliament. In view of the fact that all power is now concentrated in the Court, the Shah takes undue advantage of his monthly conferences to impose his views on Parliament and the press

Two days later the Iranian radio described the Shah's latest press conference. The editor of a Teheran newspaper was reported

as having asked the Shah the following questions:

A radio calling itself the 'National Voice of Iran' has appeared. It alleges that it speaks for the Iranian nation. This transmitter is definitely not located in the territory of Iran, and it is necessary to discover which foreign state allows its territory to be used for broadcasts in the name of the Iranian nation and to interfere in our domestic affairs. Is it not possible to take this matter to the United Nations since continuance of this cold war in this manner is contrary to the provisions and principles of the U.N. Charter?

The Shah's reply, which was given, ran as follows:

It is indeed a matter of surprise that a state radio can perform such work, contrary to all international principles and standards. Our new Foreign Minister will arrive soon. He has for years been Iran's representative at the United Nations. He will assuredly examine this matter to find out what he can do through the U.N. It is quite clear that principles and agreements are not observed in the world as they should be. At my press conference in Paris I pointed out that the transmissions of the radio of our postbern peighbour sevents of a colonial system. This neighbour northern neighbour savour of a colonial system. This neighbour imagines that it is talking to a colony.

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

LAST OF THE BARREL-ORGANS

'I BECAME INTERESTED în barrel-organs by chance', said DAVID FAIRHALL in the Home Service, 'because Mr. Stanley's pitch happened to be opposite my office in Piccadilly. My first thought was whether there were many more like him, who still found it worth while to earn a living as an organ man. In fact, as far as I know there are just two others left in London. Old Tommy Walker also works during the daytime, and the organ which you may have heard sometimes as you left a theatre in the West-end of London is played by Mr. Sam Lewis of Islington.

Before the war there were several hundred barrel-organs in London alone. Many were destroyed outright in the "blitz", others rotted away in sheds and garages; but the basic cause is simply a rising standard of living. Pulling a barrel-organ is sheer hard work, so by now there are no more than twenty or thirty working in the whole country, and most of these are owned by clubs, churches, or private collectors. The three men still working in London hire theirs from Toni Tomasso for 10s. a day, which compares with a minimum of 1s. 6d. before the war, rising to 3s. or 4s. when times were good.

'It soon struck me that a great many women seemed to give Mr. Stanley money when he played outside my office. To check my observation, I carried out a sample survey of his customers, and sure enough 57 per cent, of the final total were female. Among the females, it was no surprise to find that two-thirds of them looked over forty. But oddly enough male customers tended to

be, or look, rather younger.

'I went down and had a chat with Sam Lewis, the evening man whose pitch lies on the confluence of the sightseeing and theatre crowds which flow down Charing Cross Road and St. Martin's Lane. With his permission, I began questioning people who dropped something in his cap as to why they did so. One of the first people I stopped was a tall distinguished looking chap with a faintly cosmopolitan air. It emerged that he contributed mainly because "the English are the finest nation in the world" and "shouldn't have paid the Americans a cent", and because " most of these old boys went through hell in the first world war" The next chap couldn't speak a word of English but got me to direct him to his hotel, and he was followed by four Northerners who thought I was pulling their leg. Eventually I was able to confirm that the dominant motive was a sort of nostalgic sentimentality. A Canadian said he was interested in how the thing worked; others were amused or curious, but the majority just

couldn't resist this glimpse of old London, and tunes like Underneath Arches, or Daisy, Daisy, give

me your answer do.
'Sam told me about his twentysix years as an organ man. He had his apprenticeship, like anyone else, for, whatever the other buskers may say, the organ men regard themselves as performers in the full sense of the word. You have to learn the best pitches, to get the feel of the various rhythms, and of course the tempo varies according to



A lesser redpoll at its nest Eric Hosking



The old-time barrel-organ in a London street

whether you're playing a dance number, a "sprightly" like All the nice girls love a sailor, a "sentimental", or a "detrimental". He went on to tell me about the old types of organ, splendid affairs in yellow and black, scarlet and green, with all-brass fittings. Some of them even had frosted glass panels so that the lights moved behind them, "to give the kids a bit of pleasure".

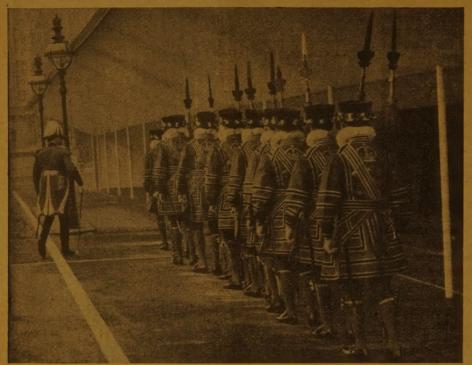
THE REDPOLL'S ETERNAL TRIANGLE

'Now they have planted huge areas of moor and mountain with conifers, it is making a great difference to bird life in Wales, and one of the species to benefit most so far has been the redpoll', said WILLIAM CONDRY in 'Naturalists' Notebook'. 'It is not until the conifers are about ten feet high that the redpolls arrive. In a few years the trees grow too tall to suit them, so they then move off to a place where the trees are smaller. They breed in colonies and seem to prefer the Sitka spruce for nesting—the prickliest of conifers. They are usually very tame, especially at the nest—in fact they have even been known to perch on birdnesters' fingers. You can get perfect views of them from a few feet range, and easily see the difference between the cocks and hens. The cocks have brilliant pink breasts and the hens are buffbreasted. And often, once you have disturbed a colony, a group of them will perch all round you, squeaking their alarm-notes, from the tops of the little conifers.

'It is no doubt these strongly communal tendencies that lead the redpolls into rather curious behaviour. I mean that quite often there are involved relationships among them, especially triangles between one male bird and two females. By that I do not mean bigamy. Bigamy has been recorded for many species, harriers,

corn buntings and so on, and it usually means that a male bird mates with two females, and each female has her separate nest. In redpoll triangles the two hens do not build a nest each but join forces to build one nest only; and there is no question of bigamy because only one of these females is mated with the cock bird and so only one lays eggs in the nest. The other hen seems to be a sort of assistant or servant.

You may wonder which of the two hens does the incubating; it is the mated hen only that sits the eggs and during the incubation period she is fed on the nest not only by the cock bird but



Yeomen of the Guard performing the traditional ceremony of searching the vaults of the House of Commons before the state opening of Parliament

also by the other hen and she makes the same wing-quivering, food-begging displays to both of them. Then when the young have hatched they are attended by both females, so that they have not only a mother but also a nurse. Although the nurse may do the bulk of the food-gathering her behaviour at the nest is always that of an inferior. If she meets the mother bird at the nest she does not presume to feed the nestlings herself. Instead she feeds the mother who then transfers the food to the young by regurgitating it.

This sort of triangle raises some nice questions of bird psychology. I am pretty sure that this second hen—the one I call the nurse—although she is not paired with the cock redpoll is nevertheless emotionally involved to some extent because in the courtship period the cock displays to her as well as to his mate and then all three will go racing off together on wild courtship flights above the trees'.

THE QUEEN'S TWO PERSONAL BODYGUARDS

'It is not generally known', said JOCELYN BRADFORD in a talk in the Home Service, 'that the Queen has two personal Bodyguards, whom, for brevity's sake, I propose to call "The Gentle-men-at-Arms" and "The Yeomen".

'The Yeomen are the older. They were born in 1485, while the Gentlemen-at-Arms date from 1509. Save for rare occasions or an occasional press photograph, few of us had ever seen the Gentlemen-at-Arms on parade until television disclosed them for the first time forming the Queen's "nearest Guard"—which is their proud title—at her Coronation, and again at the opening of

Parliament last November.

'The sole difference between members of these two personal guards of the Sovereign is that all the Gentlemen-at-Arms are selected from chosen volunteers who have been officers of the rank of major or above in the Regular Army or the Royal Marines.

In contrast, the Yeomen of the Guard are selected from warrant officers or N.C.O.s not below the rank of sergeant, of either the Regular Army, the Royal Marines and, in their case alone, the Royal Air Force.

'The Gentlemen-at-Arms are present at all big state functions and ceremonies, and a selected number of the Gentlemen-at-Arms line the inner corridor of the Palace of Westminster. Their uniform looks rather like that of the Life Guards. It consists of a scarlet tunic, with tails; dark blue overalls with gold braid; gold epaulettes; white gauntlets and a gold helmet with high white

plumes. All members wear a Cavalry sword

and they also carry an axe.

'The Tudor uniforms of the Yeomen of the Guard are recognizable anywhere. Although their officers wear the scarlet coats, cocked hats with plume, and the blue overalls, the Yeoman himself is dressed almost exactly the same as in the year of the Corps' foundation in 1485. His uniform consists of a voluminous Royal scarlet tunic, trimmed with purple velvet and gold lace; scarlet knee breeches; scarlet stockings with black shoes, and with rosettes of red, white and blue ribbons worn at the knee and on the shoes. His hat is large, round, and lowcrowned, made of purple velvet with the same coloured ribbons. Apart from a sword, the Yeomen are armed with a partisan or halberd. They carry out the traditional ceremony of searching the vaults of the House of Commons before its state opening. Some of them carry the Queen's Maundy money at the annual Maundy service '.

RAIN OF FROGS

'Our summer holidays used to be in June and for the first three weeks in July', said Sir COMPTON MACKENZIE in 'English Magazine' in the General Overseas Service. 'In 1888 we had rooms in a farmhouse near Eridge, and I cannot remember a single genuinely

fine day all the time we were there. A fine day was for me an eagerly awaited moment, because I had been promised that on the first fine day we should have a picnic tea. The word picnic evoked for my five-year-old fancy a vision of unlimited strawberry jam and plum cake in fairyland. The Israelites did not look forward more eagerly to that land flowing with milk and honey than I looked forward to my first picnic. But the rain! It rained every day—every day, until at last my mother decided that, rain or fine, I must be allowed my picnic if I were not to suffer any more from those childish disappointments that border on despair.

'So one afternoon, when the rain was optimistically declared to be only a drizzle, we set out with mackintoshes and umbrellas across a field path bordered by elms to have our picnic just

outside one of the gates of the park of Eridge castle.

'The site of the picnic had been chosen there so that if the drizzle became a downpour we could take shelter in a cave inside the park where the guns of a pheasant shoot used to lunch, I have not seen that cave for seventy-one years, and I do not expect the chairs which used to be in it are still there. The cave itself cannot have changed. However, we were not driven in to it that afternoon, because we sat on the grass on waterproof sheets under umbrellas for our picnic.

The grown-ups missed their tea because it was impossible to boil a kettle, but I with milk and plum cake galore was in a rapture. And then, on the way home to the farmhouse, we saw what is called a rain of frogs. The farm lane that led to the highroad was covered, and I mean literally covered, with tiny frogs; and I was much distressed by being quite unable to avoid treading on them. The high hedges on either side were full of them to the very top, and some of them had even climbed up into the branches of the hedgerow trees. What is the explanation of this phenomenon, which I have never witnessed since that afternoon in the wet summer of 1888?

The Toneless Voice of Robert Graves

By DONALD DAVIE

MONG the recent poems of Robert Graves there is one which seems to be already well known and well liked, in which the poet studies his own face in a shaving-glass. It is called 'The Face in the Mirror':

Grey haunted eyes, absent-mindedly glaring From wide, uneven orbits; one brow drooping Somewhat over the eye Because of a missile fragment still inhering, Skin deep, as a foolish record of old-world fighting.

Crookedly broken nose—low tackling caused it; Cheeks, furrowed; coarse grey hair, flying frenetic; Forehead, wrinkled and high; Jowls, prominent; ears, large; jaw, pugilistic; Teeth, few; lips, full and ruddy; mouth, ascetic.

I pause with razor poised, scowling derision At the mirrored man whose beard needs my attention, And once more ask him why He still stands ready, with a boy's presumption, To court the queen in her high silk pavilion.

It is not a specially memorable poem, certainly not one of Mr. Graves's best. And yet it points, perhaps better than any other, to what in his work is memorable and best. I would put it this way, by a sort of paradox: though it is about the poet in the act of looking at himself, it is not in the least self-regarding. The poet is not at all concerned to get on terms with the reader, by giving us, the readers, an image of himself. Various stereotypes are in the offing at different points as we read the poem, but none of them will do—not the stereotype of the poet as hag-ridden dreamer, despite the haunted eyes and high forehead; not the poet as Yeatsian wild old man, despite the few teeth and the coarse grey hair, flying frenetic'; not the poet as he-man, despite the old war-wound, the nose broken at football, and the pugilistic jaw. Each new item of the description cancels out the one before it, and what we get at the end is not one unified image, either of the face or, by implication, of the personality behind it. And this is not a mark against the poem, on the contrary this is its virtue and its distinction; this is its honesty, it is what proves that indeed the reader is not in mind at all, only the man and the mirror.

A Comparison

It will help if I quote a poem by another poet on a similar theme: 'Skin' by Philip Larkin:

Obedient daily dress, You cannot always keep That unfakable young surface. You must learn your lines— Anger, amusement, sleep; Those few forbidding signs

Of the continuous coarse Sand-laden wind, time; You must thicken, work loose Into an old bag Carrying a soiled name. Parch then; be roughened; sag;

And pardon me, that I
Could find, when you were new,
No brash festivity
To wear you at, such as
Clothes are entitled to
'Fill the fashion changes.

I am not going to say that this is either better or worse than the poem I gave first. They seem to me much of a muchness. But I will say that, whatever distinction Mr. Larkin's poem has, it is not the same as Mr. Graves's. This poem may or may not have been composed before a mirror; but it is certainly self-regarding. The poet is not alone with the skin his eye sees or his fingers touch. The reader is there with him, all the time; and the poet gets on terms with his reader by carefully supplying him with an image of himself, the poet. He is, we learn, a man who expects defeat-because his skin, when old, will carry 'a soiled name'; and he is a man who muffs his chances, who has not made the most of his youth, has not carried his youthful skin to any 'brash festivity'. He is a man who feels guilty about this; but not very, because he is a melancholy man who feels that the change from youth to middle age is not anyway very important, no more significant than a shift of fashion. So, given the necessary sketchiness of poetry, a complete personality emerges, and as we read the poem we become quickly extremely intimate with this person—a person, as it happens, who makes no demands for special status, or for action on our part, or for unusual understanding, a deprecating person whom most people therefore will find engaging.

No Bid for Attention

Not many poets make so few demands upon us as this. Most modern poets demand a good deal of us if we are to be intimate with them. They sell themselves to the reader at a higher price, sometimes a very steep price indeed. But Robert Graves is almost unique among modern poets in not selling himself at all; whatever the price we pay, we are not going to buy intimacy. When Mr. Graves is writing a poem the reader is not present, not in the poet's mind; no allowances are made for him, no bid is made for his attention. If he goes on reading he may become intimate with poetry, but never with the poet.

This is the point, and the profound truth, of what for some readers is only a tiresome mannerism of Mr. Graves's, his very old-fashioned and unfashionable way of talking continually about his 'Muse'. It is she, of course, who comes into the last line of 'The Face in the Mirror', where she is 'the queen in her high silk pavilion'. There she is also, of course, any woman known in love. For Graves has devoted a whole book, The White Goddess, as well as many poems, lectures, and essays, to arguing the indissoluble connexion for the poet (of any period, so he would say) between the act of love and the act of composition, between the loved woman and the Being or Principle which demands

poems of him.

What seems to me most important about Mr. Graves's Muse is not that she is or may be what inspires him to write poems, but that she is the person for whom the poems are written and, more important still, the person to whom they are addressed. In this

capacity she can be given all sorts of names: she can be called 'the spirit of the universe' or 'God' or 'the tradition of good poetry' or even, most simply, 'professional self-respect'. The important fact remains that it is she to whom the poem is addressed. If the poet makes any bids for attention, aspires to any intimacy, it is for her attention, it is for intimacy with her; and this explains why he never woos or persuades or cajoles his reader, instead. It explains too why his being so predominantly a lovepoet limits his significance much less than it seems to; and it weakens considerably the objection that 'he has no message for the age'. When we ask for this from him, I suspect that we are simply asking, as readers, for the poet to take more notice of us,

to woo and cajole us a little, as other poets do.

It seems to me, on the contrary, that it is very salutary for the reader to be kept in his place in this way, to be made to

feel that he is permitted only to 'listen in'. This can be done in all sorts of ways. Technically speaking, it is easier to deny intimacy to the reader than to get on intimate terms with him. Perhaps the easiest way to convey to the reader that he is not being addressed directly is to use forms of words different from those he is used to being addressed in. Archaic or deliberately choice vocabulary, frequent inversions of the normal prosaic or conversational word-order—all this will do the trick at once. So it is not surprising that we should in general be suspicious whenever a poet takes these liberties. Never to invert word-order, never to use archaisms—these, which may be useful rules of thumb for poets in certain circumstances, have all too often lately been presented to his readers as graven on the tablets of unalterable poetic law. From this point of view, our liking for colloquial diction in poetry, our insistence that the poet should always be in touch with the language as currently spoken—these are just part of our demand that the poet, when he writes, should always be taking cognizance of us, his readers, dexterously steering our responses, modifying or rearranging our attitudes. Accordingly it is no surprise that Robert Graves has consistently and blandly ignored our preferences, and will as readily use non-colloquial as colloquial language.

'Woman and Tree'

Here, for instance, is another recent poem for which I would claim that it is among the finest and most memorable that Mr. Graves has written. It is called 'Woman and Tree':

To love one woman, or to sit
Always beneath the same tall tree,
Argues a certain lack of wit
Two steps from imbecility.

A poet, therefore, sworn to feed On every food the senses know, Will claim the inexorable need To be Don Juan Tenorio.

Yet if, miraculously enough,
(And why set miracles apart?)
Woman and tree prove of a stuff
Wholly to glamour his wild heart?

And if such visions from the void
As shone in fever there, or there,
Assemble, hold and are enjoyed
On climbing one familiar stair . . .?

To change and chance he took a vow, As he thought fitting. None the less, What of a phoenix on the bough, Or a sole woman's fatefulness?

Mr. Graves has plenty of poems as good as this, where the language is far more strikingly elevated and 'poetical'. But even here we have the line 'Wholly to glamour his wild heart'. 'Glamour' in current usage is a word utterly shop-worn, vague, and tawdry. By using it as a verb Mr. Graves dissociates it firmly enough from the vocabulary of teen-age shop-girls, but he also removes it completely from the spoken language of today. 'To glamour' in the sense of 'to cast a spell upon' has not been part of the spoken language for at least a century. In the same line he takes an even bigger risk with the stock-poeticism, 'his wild heart'. But both usages are thoroughly in keeping with the conventional image he is working up to, the 'phoenix on the bough', which is straight out of poetic stock in the same way. We cannot object, as we could and should if this language were being directed at us; it is being directed elsewhere, towards the Muse for whom such hieratic and grandiloquent language is in keeping. It is because of the language, indeed, that we know we are not being addressed at all, not directly.

are not being addressed at all, not directly.

For a long time now, but increasingly of recent years, critics have made a lot of play with what they call 'tone'. By 'tone' in poetry they mean all that dimension of poetry which consists

in conveying to the reader the poet's attitude towards him. It is a dimension of poetry, of poetre meaning, which is of vital importance to some poets and some poems. Mr. Empson, Mr. Auden, and W. B. Yeats are, like Mr. Larkin, poets to whom this dimension of poetry is very important indeed, sometimes all-important. To begin appreciating these poets by defining their tone is often to go to the heart of the matter at once. With Mr. Graves, it will take us nowhere. For the tone is not there to be defined. His is a toneless voice. And it is good for us to have him there to remind us that there can be, as John Keats said in another connexion, 'ditties of no tone', poems which adopt no tone towards the reader because they do not condescend to acknowledge his existence.

Exploring Spiritual Reality

This is vitally important because it reminds us of what we are in danger of forgetting—that poetry may be a way of knowing and exploring spiritual reality, it may be a dialogue between the poet and that reality. To forget this, to assume that every poem must have a definable tone towards the reader, is to limit poetry to exploring the *social* reality, of relationships between individuals, between poet and reader. Poems, on this showing, become no more than subtle and delicate substitutes for 'Hello' and 'How are you?' and remarks about the weather, those other arrangements of language which have for their sole purpose our getting on terms with one another, our defining the terms on which a relationship will be conducted.

Many people are becoming worried about the way in which poets and readers alike have been assuming that the only reality poetry can deal with is this social reality; that when poetry pretends to deal with a spiritual reality it is not to be taken seriously. Mr. David Jones has been protesting against this lately; so has Miss Kathleen Raine. I think they are right. But if they are, the consequences can be awkward; it seems to mean, for instance, that if we cannot take seriously Yeats's philosophy of history we cannot go on saying that this makes no difference to his poetry. If this is true of Yeats, it is also true of Robert Graves, whose generalizations have been hardly less ambitious and confident than Yeats's were. When he writes, 'There is one story and one story only', in a poem called 'To Juan at the Winter Solstice', it makes all the difference in the world whether we are convinced or unconvinced by his argument that this is literally true. The argument is in his prose source-book The White Goddess, as Yeats's arguments are in his source-book A Vision. If it is still just possible to maintain that in Yeats such statements are only pseudo-statements, whose truth or falsity does not matter, this is not possible and has never been possible with Mr. Graves. For if these statements are not social gestures, manipulating tone (as they plainly are not), then there is nothing left for them to be except true or false. And it seems clear that Mr. Graves would not have it otherwise.

The Reader Kept in his Place

Tone in this special sense as used by literary critics is no different at bottom from what we mean by a tone of voice. The tone of a poem is simply the tone of voice it asks to be read in. This is why nothing tells us so much about Mr. Graves's poetry as the tone of voice he reads it in, over the air. It is a tone that can only be described (nonsensically) as 'toneless', very flat, completely unemotional, casual and clipped. There was a fascinating programme some years ago, arranged by James Reeves, in which Mr. Graves argued about this with an accomplished reader of verse, Mr. Anthony Jacobs; and this made it clear that Mr. Graves's tone of voice in reading was a matter of deliberate choice on his part, which, as I remember, he justified along the lines I have been following. It was a question for him, so it appeared, of keeping the reader in his place, making no overtures towards him. As readers of Yeats and Empson, Auden and Larkin, we are in danger of forgetting our place, of getting ideas above our station. It is good to have Mr. Graves to cut us down to size.

Here, finally, another of Mr. Graves's late poems, one of the very best. It is called 'Counting the Beats':

You, love, and I, (He whispers) you and I, And if no more than only you and I What care you or I?

Counting the beats, Counting the slow heart beats, The bleeding to death of time in slow heart beats, Wakeful they lie.

Cloudless day, Night, and a cloudless day, Yet the huge storm will burst upon their heads one day From a bitter sky. Where shall we be, (She whispers) where shall we be, When death strikes home, O where then shall we be Who were you and I?

Not there but here, (He whispers) only here, As we are, here, together, now and here, Always you and I.

Counting the beats, Counting the slow heart beats, The bleeding to death of time in slow heart beats, Wakeful they lie.

-Third Programme

Mr. Graves's Collected Poems are published by Cassell (25s.).

The Shape of Our Galaxy

By PATRICK MOORE

N a summer night when the Sun has long since set and the stars are shining brilliantly, one of the most wonderful sights in the heavens is the Milky Way. It stretches across the sky, making a band of radiance which catches the eye at once. As Ptolemy, the last great

astronomer of classical times, wrote in his Almagest nearly 2,000 years ago: 'The Milky Way is not a circle, but a zone, which is almost everywhere as white as milk, and this has given it the name it bears. This zone is neither equal nor regular everywhere, but varies as much in width as in shade of colour, as well as in the number of stars in its parts, and by the diversity of its positions; and also be-cause that in some places it is divided into two branches, as is easy to see if we examine it with a little attention'

As a description of the Milky Way as seen with the un-

Star-clouds in the Milky Way

aided eye, Ptolemy's account could hardly be bettered; but it was not until the winter of 1609-10 that any great advance in astronomical knowledge of the familiar milky zone could be made. It was then that Galileo first applied the telescope to the skies, and discovered that the Milky Way is composed of a vast number of faint stars. These stars give the appearance of being crowded closely together, but in fact nothing could be further from the truth. Galileo and his contemporaries knew very little about the shape of our star-system; the first reasonably correct picture of how the stars are arranged was not drawn up until the late eighteenth century, due largely to the work of one man, William Herschel.

Herschel was Hanoverian by birth, but spent most of his life in England. Following his discovery of the planet Uranus, in 1781, he was able to give up his original profession, that of a music teacher and organist, in order to devote his life to astronomy. His main ambition was to solve the secrets of star distribution, and for many years he worked away at the problem, carrying out what he himself called 'reviews of the heavens'. Herschel's telescopes were home-made, and were probably the best of their time.

best of their time. The largest was a reflector with a focal length of forty feet.

Herschel that he could not possibly count all the stars visible with his telescopes, so he decided to count the stars in certain selected regions of the sky. He believed that the apparent brightness of a star was a reasonably good measure of its relative distance from us, so that brilliant objects such as Sirius and Rigel were likely to be closer than fainter stars such as Polaris or the seven members of the familiar Plough; in consequence the regions of the sky containing the most stars would

represent the greatest extensions of the stellar system. During the course of his 'star-gauging' he found that the faint stars became unexpectedly numerous near the Milky Way band; the increase in frequency was greater than for brighter stars. This led him on to a scheme according to which the stars were arranged rather in the manner of two plates clapped together by their rims, with the Sun lying near the centre of the system. At once the Milky Way appearance could be explained without the need for any actual crowding of the stars. An observer looking along the main plane of the system would naturally see many stars in almost the same line of sight—one behind the other; at right angles to this main plane, the sky would be relatively barren. Herschel's final conclusion was that the stellar system is shaped like a 'cloven grind-stone'.

Many of Herschel's ideas have been confirmed by later

research, and his picture of the stellar system is by no means wide of the mark. His main error was in supposing the Sun to occupy a more or less central position; we now know that the actual centre lies at a distance of some 25,000 light-years from us, in the direction of the Sagittarius star-clouds. Yet Herschel's mistake was both natural and inevitable, since in his day there was no means of determining either the distances or the luminosities of the stars. All that could be said with certainty was that the stars were immensely more remote than our near neighbours such as the Sun, Moon and planets.

In 1838, sixteen years after Herschel's death, the German astronomer Bessel managed to measure the distance of a dim star in Cygnus. Other determinations followed, and for the first time the majestic scale of the stellar system became known. This in turn led to accurate estimates of the luminosities of the stars, and some of the results were decidely unexpected. The stars differ so widely in absolute brightness that apparent magnitude is by

no means a reliable guide for judging distance, as Herschel had believed. Of course, some apparently brilliant stars are genuinely near; Alpha Centauri, which shines as the third brightest star in the sky, is little over four light-years away (that is to say its light, travelling at 186,000 miles per second, takes more than four years to reach us), while Sirius lies at only eight and a half light-years, and must also be regarded as comparatively near. On the other hand, Rigel in Orion, which comes seventh in order of apparent brightness, is more than 500 light-years from us. It appears conspicuous not because it is close but because it is exceptionally luminous; according to one estimate it has 20,000 times the candle-power of the Sun.

Bessel and his contemporaries measured star distances by means of trigonometrical parallax. Their results were good, but the method breaks down for all but relatively near stars, since at great distances the parallax shifts become too small to be measured. Gradually other methods were developed, but it was not until the present century that a completely unexpected discovery provided the means of spectacular advances in knowledge. This was the period-luminosity law of variable stars of short

Most stars shine so steadily that their luminosity output does not alter perceptibly over many thousands or even millions of years. Fortunately for us, the Sun belongs to this category. There are, however, some stars which fluctuate in brightness, rising to maximum and then falling to minimum before starting to increase once more. Particularly interesting is Delta Cephei, which lies in the northern hemisphere of the sky and never sets in the latitude of Britain. The magnitude changes between 3.7 and 4.3 in a period of five days nine hours, and the period is absolutely regular, so that it may be determined to within the fraction of a second. The light-curve is not entirely smooth, as the increase to maximum is steeper than the subsequent drop, but we can always tell how bright Delta Cephei will be at any particular moment. It is by no means unique; other stars behave in the same way, and are hence termed Cepheid Variables.

What makes the Cepheids so important is that their period is a measure of their luminosity: the longer the period, the more luminous the star. Hence a Cepheid of period five days nine hours will have the same absolute brightness as Delta Cephei itself, while a Cepheid of period ten days will be considerably more powerful. By studying the period of a Cepheid, we can therefore find out its real luminosity; its apparent magnitude is easy to measure, and hence its distance may be determined, so that these convenient variables act as our standard candles in space. The exact cause of the period-luminosity law remains uncertain, but there can be no doubt of its validity.

Variables known as RR Lyræ stars, after the prototype object, have shorter periods than classical Cepheids—less than an hour and a half in the case of one star, CY Aquarii—and appear to be of more or less uniform brilliancy: about ninety times that of the Sun. As soon as we observe an RR Lyræ star, we can therefore make a good estimate of its distance. Many such variables are found in the globular clusters, vast spherical groups of stars found here and there in the sky, and they were originally known as cluster-Cepheids. The name has now become obsolete, partly because the stars are not true Cepheids and partly because some of them-including RR Lyræ itself-are not members of globular clusters.

The globular clusters themselves are of vital importance in our

studies of the shape of the as faint objects in our skies. Omega Centauri and 47 to rise in Britain; the third, Messier 13 Herculis, may be seen on a clear night as a very dim, misty patch, while a telescope of moderglorious sphere of stars. Altogether, about 100 glo-bulars are known.

Since the globular clusters contain highly luminous stars, and yet appear faint, they must be extremely distant. This had been obvious

stellar system or Galaxy. The average globular contains perhaps 100,000 stars, many of which are far more luminous than the Sun, yet the clusters appear Only three are bright enough to be seen without a telescope. Two of these, Tucanæ, lie too far south ate power resolves it into a

for many years, but until the revelations concerning short-period variables it had been impossible to find out how far away they really were. The 'standard candles' came to the rescue in no uncertain fashion. As we have seen, globulars contain RR Lyræ variables; the distances of the RR Lyræ variables may be determined because of their uniform luminosities; and hence it was at once possible to judge the distances of the globular clusters in which the variables lie. Omega Centauri has proved to be 22,000 light-years from us, while Messier 13 Herculis is 34,000 light-years away. Most of the others are more remote still.

In the years following the end of the first world war, the American astronomer Harlow Shapley made a determined attack on the whole problem. It had long been known that the globulars are not spread uniformly around the sky; most of them are in the south, in the region of Scorpio and Sagittarius, so that the distribution appears to be lop-sided. Shapley assumed that the globulars form a kind of outer surround to the main star-system, and by distance determinations he was able to show that this is in fact the case. The mystery of the lop-sided distribution was solved; the Sun, with its family of planets, lies well away from the centre of the Galaxy, so that we have an unsymmetrical view.

Shapley's work led to the first really reliable picture of the scale and shape of the Galaxy. The central nucleus lies, as expected, in the direction of the Sagittarius star-clouds; the whole system measures approximately 100,000 light-years from end to end, and the Sun is 25,000 light-years from the centre, while the thickness of the system is some 20,000 light-years. (Of course, these figures are bound to be uncertain, and different authorities give different values, but they are certainly of the right order.) Surrounding the main system is the 'galactic corona', a sort of outer skeleton of globular clusters and



The globular star cluster Messier 13 Herculis Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories

individual stars; in this corona the ratio is roughly 100 stars to each globular. It is believed that the total number of stars in the Galaxy is about 100,000,000,000.

If we could go far out into space and look at the Galaxy 'edge-on', we would see a flattened system with the bulge of the central nucleus showing up very noticeably. If however we could look from right angles, it would become clear that the Galaxy is spiral, not unlike a tremendous catherine-wheel. A spiral shape has been suspected for many years, but an entirely new branch of astronomical research was needed to prove it.

Telescopes show us other galaxies, lying at distances of many millions of light-years; the most conspicuous, Messier 31 Andromedæ, has been found to lie at about 2,000,000 light-years. (Here again the short-period variables, this time the classical Cepheids, provided the means of making a sound estimate.) Many of these galaxies are spiral, and there would be nothing surprising in finding our own system to be of the same shape. But while suspicion is one

thing, proof is quite another; we cannot see our Galaxy from outside?

Indicates of spirality were obtained by what are generally regarded as conventional methods. W. Baade, in America, drew attention to the fact that there are two distinct types of stellar 'populations'—the first (Population I) in regions where there is considerable interstellar gas and dust and where the brightest stars are very white and luminous; the second (Population II) in regions relatively clear of interstellar material, and where the leading members are red supergiants. It appeared that globular clusters and the centres of external galaxies were mainly Population II, while the spiral arms of galaxies were mainly Population I. By plotting the distribution of the highly luminous white stars in our own system, inconclusive signs of spiral structure appeared.

All this was uncertain, but a solution was to hand. We know that of all interstellar gas, hydrogen is much the most plentiful. It tends to collect into huge clouds, and is very cold, with a temperature of perhaps —150 degrees C. Naturally it is very rarefied, and there are on an average less than ten atoms per cubic centimetre, which judged by our everyday standards is equivalent to what scientists term a vacuum; needless to say,



An idea of what our Galaxy might look like if it could be seen edge-on: the position of the Sun is marked with a cross



Spiral Galaxy in Leo. Viewed from a great distance our Galaxy would probably bear some resemblance to this

Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories

normal telescopes will not show these hydrogen clouds at all. In 1944, however, the Dutch scientist van de Hulst worked out that the hydrogen should be emitting radio energy on a wavelength of 21.1 centimetres. He believed that this energy would be detectable by means of radio telescopes, and six years later his prediction was brilliantly confirmed.

Radio astronomy is still young, but already it has made remarkable strides, and the detection of the 21-centimetre 'noise' is one of its major achievements. It has become possible to measure the distances and velocities of the interstellar hydrogen, and there can no longer be any serious doubt that the Galaxy is indeed a spiral, with the Sun lying near the inner edge of one of the arms. To an outside observer, then, it seems that the Galaxy would appear as a rather loose catherine-wheel, very much like many of the remote systems that we ourselves can see in the sky.

Like a catherine-wheel, too, the Galaxy is rotating. The Sun shares in the general motion, 225,000,000 years to complete

and seems to take roughly 225,000,000 years to complete one journey round the centre. This period has been aptly termed the 'cosmic year', and it is interesting to note that the Sun has made only one revolution since the time when the lords of the Earth were dragonflies and amphibians, with mammals lying far in the future. Man himself proves to be very much of a newcomer to the scene.

Our views of the universe have changed out of all recognition during the last two centuries. We know now that the Sun is an unimportant star, one of 100,000,000,000 such bodies in our stellar system; it occupies a position of no significance whatsoever, and the Earth itself is puny beyond all understanding. Yet we are justified in being proud of our achievements, and it has been no mean feat to prove that the Galaxy in which we live takes the form of a whirling spiral.—From 'The Sky at Night', given in B.B.C. Television on May 4

Owl

Stands upright close to tree trunk during day; Avoids men; somewhat gregarious in long Winters; shows great affection for its young; Comparatively silent; startled cry, Like a laugh.—He reads at night about the owl, And sees through the uncurtained window blue Emptiness, with only the argent moon in view And one branch and the humped and hairy fowl. And shuts the book and passes through the house To where a woman is already sleeping, Mortality upon her almost weeping Eyelids. The owl is said to bring a mouse Each quarter of an hour to its nest. What can he lay before her vanished brood? He holds some time his upright attitude, Then with a kind of laughter gets undressed.

ROY FULLER

Counties in Danger

DOROTHY SYLVESTER on the revision of local government boundaries

HE counties are the oldest surviving local government divisions in England, and county loyalty is one of the strong buttresses of English regional life. Indeed, you constantly hear people say that they are, for instance, Yorkshire or Lancashire folk and proud of it.

In the review which is now being made by the 1958 Local Government Commission, the whole structure of local government divisions is being considered, and the Commission has powers to propose the creation of new or the demotion of existing county boroughs, the amalgamation of counties, and the alteration of their boundaries. The 1945 Commission made such far-reaching proposals, especially with regard to county boundaries, that, although they were not adopted, it has alerted all of us to the possibilities. The word 'boundary' has now become headline news, and it has acquired an urgency which it has not had for Englishmen since the Local Government Acts of the late nineteenth century. For now, instead of boundaries being something that Continental countries have to worry about, the sort of lines that at their worst cause wars and at best necessitate passports and customs examinations, they have suddenly turned up on our own doorsteps. And they are likely to cause considerable trouble in the next few years.

Lines that Divide and Unite

Let us make no mistake. The power of these invisible lines is enormous. They not only divide: they unite. They throw a girdle round our bit of earth and as time passes they make it special and sacrosanct, and it is because these lines enclosed us and our forefathers for 1,000 to 1,500 years that we are proud to be, for instance, Cheshire born or Northumberland born. One of the most extraordinary proofs of the strength of this love of county is the fact that it has not only survived 200 years of basic social and economic change but been deepened by it. The nineteenth century saw a fundamental revision of the map and machinery of local government, sweeping away the old units in town and country alike, and replacing them by the minor local government divisions that we know today. Yet, apart from a certain tidying-up, the county boundaries were left almost untouched. In the succeeding seventy years the newly formed county councils have proved their value, and the county towns, new and old, have enhanced attraction as centres of regional life.

We are an old country, and our loyalties are deeply rooted and do not transplant easily. But Britain is also a changing country and the industrial period has altered and continues to alter our towns and our industrial geography. A thousand years of county tradition nobly built is no reason to refuse all change. But it is a sound reason for weighing all the pros and cons with extreme care as the Commission is doing, and as everyone should now do so that its members can have the necessary guidance on informed public opinion. It is essential, too, to distinguish the problem of urban boundary revision from that of the counties. Towns grow and absorb rural areas. Counties do not grow, and I believe they should regard each other's territories as inviolable. The position as regards the revision of county boundaries is distinct from that of the boroughs—and that is not to say that every growing town should have an automatic licence to expand as and when it wishes, but that the two problems must be tackled from different angles.

We do not know what the findings of the 1958 Commission will be, but the proposals of the 1945 Commission were so drastic that there is considerable public apprehension. For example, it was suggested that Lancashire be divided into three new Ridings and that in addition the north should go to Westmorland; that the West Riding of Yorkshire be divided to form a West and South Riding, and that the south of County Durham be added to the North Riding. Lesser counties such as Herefordshire and Worcestershire, and Leicestershire and Rutland were to be joined. The basis of Rutland's protest has recently been forcibly expressed

in *The Times*, and other counties in danger of losing their identity or of being divided have voiced their opinions with equal vigour. Within the last few weeks, the county councils of both Staffordshire and Warwickshire have stated that they consider it a matter of principle that the counties should retain their present form.

Disadvantages to Consider

The purpose of boundary revision should be the greater convenience and advantage of the people concerned. But there can be disadvantages which must not be overlooked. Changes in staff, in records, in assessments, and in rates are bound to follow—and rates are guaranteed to arouse local protest. Public services are involved, such as lighting, water supply, bus services, and education, and the period of adjustment is at best difficult and expensive.

The folk most affected by boundary changes are, of course, those between the old boundary and the new. It is not good if even a few people waken one morning to find themselves in another county. It would be a serious matter if county feeling were disturbed in the case of millions as would have happened had the 1947 and 1948 proposals been accepted. Are the men and women living near their county boundary any less loyal to Durham, or Cumberland, or Yorkshire, say, because they live on its margins? One might with equal point ask whether the population of Liverpool, or Blackpool, or Sunderland consider themselves less truly Englishmen because they live on the sea-coast. I once asked a man from Furness whether he felt as strongly Lancastrian living as he did 'north of the Sands'. His reply was a rather offended 'Yes' that there could have been any doubt.

'Yes' that there could have been any doubt.

The northern counties are all shapes and sizes, and the boundaries are not in every case geographically ideal. Waterpartings such as divide much of Lancashire from Yorkshire, and Durham and the North Riding from Westmorland and Cumberland are good boundaries because the gaunt range of the Pennines has always made communication difficult and the boundaries run generally through an upland area with only a sparse population. For a long time, rivers such as the Mersey were effective because they were difficult to cross! Indeed, Mersey means literally 'boundary river'. But with the coming of the industrial age, steam ferries began to ply across the Mersey, and new bridges spanned the Tyne and the Tees. The natural unity of a river valley therefore throws a doubt on the value of rivers such as these as county boundaries. But still their estuaries are barriers, and as one passes high across their dark waters from one county to another, one recognizes them as boundaries.

The Northern Counties

How did the north English counties come into being? They have as individual a place among the English shires as the northerner has among Englishmen. When the Normans conquered England in 1066 the whole of southern England and the midlands was shire ground up to the Mersey and the Humber. Beyond that, apart from a huge, vague area called Yorkshire, there were no counties as we know them. Cheshire, however, had been shired from Mercia, the midland Anglian kingdom, in the tenth century. It was much larger than the present county, extending over what is now Flintshire, much of Denbighshire, and Lancashire as far as the Ribble.

Cumberland and Westmorland as we know them today were part of the old British or Welsh kingdom of Strathclyde, as the name Cumberland, from the Welsh Cymru, still testifies. The British were succeeded in the Lake District by Norse from Ireland, and from time to time the whole of the north-west came under the rule of Northumbria, the Anglian kingdom of the north-east. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the people of the Lake hills put up a heroic fight against the cruel attempts



The river Hodder at Whitewell, where it forms the boundary between Yorkshire and Lancashire

of the Normans to subdue them, and Buttermere claims that it is almost the only place in England never to have been subject to any of the four Norman kings. Links with Scotland remained strong, and as late as 1136 the Cumberland-Westmorland country was ceded to King David of Scotland, finally becoming part of the English realm only in 1158.

The three north-eastern counties derive from Northumbria which came into being in the fifth century, and became a major kingdom in Anglo-Saxon England. Its spirit of independence was undimmed until the rising of 1069 was put down by the Normans in the fearful 'harrying of the north'. Durham was made into a prince-bishopric, ostensibly to defend the Scottish border, but in fact to create a stronghold among these rugged northerners. The country between the Tyne and the Tees had long been the weak link between the northern division of Northumbria—Bernicia—and the southern part, Deira. Now it was to acquire all the dignity of a palatine county, while Bernicia became Northumberland, and Deira formed Yorkshire, divided into three Ridings. There are obvious parallels between Cheshire's role as a pala-

There are obvious parallels between Cheshire's role as a palatine earldom defending the Welsh Borderland and that of the northernmost counties on the Scottish Border. Like Durham, Cheshire had virtual independence and until 1536, when England and Wales were united, Cheshire men spoke of 'going to England'. Lancashire was probably separated from Cheshire in the twelfth century, and in 1351 was given palatine status. So every one of the northern counties stems proudly from ancient kingdoms or from palatines which long enjoyed a large measure of independence.

The ecclesiastical history of the north has been equally distinctive; so too are its speech, its customs, its ways of thinking, and its traditions: and, not least, the landscape with its grey, northern beauty, and cool, northern climate, mark it out from the southern and midland shires which had been formed before the Conquest. It is difficult to believe that changes in the area of these old divisions can be made without striking at the very roots of regional feeling. Already in the north, as in other parts of England, local indignation is mounting. For instance, the population of a group of Cheshire parishes recently 'claimed' by a neighbouring county called a public meeting and sent a vigorously

worded protest to their rural district council. Although times have changed our geography and economy, county loyalty, far from being outmoded, has found new expressions in societies, in books and magazines, and in sport. I shall long remember the man who stood up in the audience to which I had been speaking about the 1947-48 proposals and asked rather pathetically: 'And which county would Old Trafford be in?' It was another example of how the old counties have engendered new loyalties.

In France, in 1790, during the fervour of the new republicanism, the whole country was redivided into départements of roughly equal size. Their boundaries cut right across the old provinces such as Burgandy, Brittany, and Provence, whose very names were sponged from the map of France to be replaced by relatively meaningless ones such as Maine et Loire, and Seine et Oise. Not surprisingly, the new divisions failed to focus regional feeling and even today mean little beyond postal and administrative convenience. The real life of France is still lived by people who call themselves Burgundians, Bretons, and Provençals.

The members of the Local Government Commission are now hearing evidence in the midlands. In due course they will come to the north. Their chairman has made it clear that they are prepared to receive written statements and to discuss the relevant problems with representatives of local institutions: for example, water boards, youth organizations, and universities. Evidence will automatically be gathered from local government councils. There is, therefore, no reason why every section of the public should not be heard, and every shade of opinion voiced.

be heard, and every shade of opinion voiced.

The question of our local boundaries is a matter of both public and private interest. It touches us in innumerable ways, and every man, woman, and child is affected. When boundaries are redrawn it is not for a few years only. Any changes made now may well last a century or more, and we can be sure that the clock will not be put back.

With regard to the counties, the core of the question is whether a certain degree of economic and, more doubtfully, administrative expediency could compensate for the shattering of loyalties such as these ancient divisions have so long inspired. Were the county map to be extensively redrawn, a serious disturbance of regional life could ensue, and England would be poorer because of it.

-North of England Home Service

Sludge and Space Travel

By MAGNUS PYKE

AMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, who died 100 years ago, wrote in commendatory terms of Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) who was particularly distinguished as being one that loved his fellow men. In the intervening century, with the rocketing increase in world population for which the author perhaps misguidedly appealed, there has arisen a sharply accentuated need to love one's fellow men. The multiplication in numbers and in wealth of industrial populations has also raised an acute problem in disposing of what Mr. J. C. Wylie in a recently published book* has delicately called 'the wastes of civilization

Some of Mr. Wylie's statistics are remarkable. For example, it seems that a good measure of the standard of living of a community can be obtained by measuring the amount of rubbish thrown away per head. In the United States, 30,000,000 tin cans are discarded daily, and the annual production of refuse by each citizen of New York is thirty wheelbarrow loads. This compares with twenty wheelbarrow loads for a Londoner, and fifteen for a Parisian. In Paris, the expense of collecting and disposing of the refuse, as is only logical, is one of the factors taken into account in calculating the cost of living index. Indeed, on one occasion, in order to prevent the index exceeding a limit value at which the basic labour wage would have needed to be increased, the Government provided the refuse service free. But the problem is: having measured and collected all this refuse, at whatever cost it may be, what is to be done with it?

Five Million Tons of Rubbish

Macbeth with prophetic insight was aware that his hand would the multitudinous seas incarnadine. By 1935 the authorities of the city of New York could no longer blind themselves to the fact that the 5,000,000 tons of refuse dumped each year six miles off the coast were also changing the colour of the water. In England, the boroughs of Westminster, Paddington, Holborn, St. Marylebone, Camberwell, Poplar, Bethnal Green, Stepney, and the City of London, having learnt this lesson, did better by sending off their load each day in a fleet of seventy-six barges and spreading it scientifically with bulldozers on the low land at

For anyone who approaches the topic in the right frame of mind, the natural history of refuse disposal is fascinating. Not only archaeologists will find themselves drawn to the study of middens, once the lessons they can teach have been fully appreciated. And Mr. Wylie is nothing if not an enthusiast. 'The stream of refuse flowing from any community', he points out, 'provides material from which a comprehensive record of the life and interests of the people could be written'. Their literary and political interests can be derived from the old newspapers that turn up on the dump; their standard of living is indicated by the relative amount of tin cans and broken bottles; old clothes and broken bedsteads point to their fashions and domestic conditions. Mr. Wylie discusses the significance of the perambulators and bicycles that appear in the dust carts, and even touches on the fashion of leaving derelict motor-cars to be dealt with by the cleansing services. In New York, it seems, they have a special machine for squashing discarded vehicles into giant cubes.

There is a rhythm about these manifestations of social biology. The perceptive sewage-works manager can recognize each successive Monday as it comes round by the depth of detergent foam on his aeration tanks, while for the municipal cleansing officer it is only spring when the old-iron content of his collections is in flood, and bolsters, cardboard boxes, and cracked china begin to

appear in really significant amounts.

While the disposal of the more mundane solid objects found in modern urban refuse is in many ways a troublesome and expensive business-Mr. Wylie informs us that the cost of 'controlled tipping' is from 10s. to £1 a ton and that 13,000,000 tons of refuse are produced in Britain a year—it is of less scientific interest than sewage disposal.

Ensuring a Sea-change

Although the history of this operation possesses its less savoury aspects, Shakespeare had a remarkably sound appreciation of the principles involved when he wrote: 'Full fathom five thy father lies, Of his bones are coral made . . . Nothing of him that doth fade, But doth suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange'. Of the necessity to accomplish a sea-change of some sort there is no doubt. It is all very well to 'flatten tins and ensure generally that irregularly shaped durable matter will not upset the smooth operation of "controlled tipping" about which Mr. Wylie writes with such enthusiasm, but this is clearly an inappropriate method for the disposal of sewage. A more scientific approach is needed.

It is a principle of biochemistry, just as much as it is of ordinary life, that in this world you get nothing for nothing. Lavoisier made the basic discovery at the end of the eighteenth century that life was a chemical function. In order that life may be kept going, a man-or, for that matter, any other living creature—must get energy out of fuel. With some fuels, sugar for example, we are particularly successful in getting hold of the energy they can give. In fact, all that is left of the sugar after we have (in the technical jargon) metabolized it is carbon-dioxide gas and a little water. With other fuels, however-wholemeal bread, cabbage, baked beans, chops—we leave a good deal of 'clinker'. Hence the sewage problem.

In the biological world we are not the only pebbles on the beach; and, notwithstanding the underlying unity of biological life as a whole, there is a substantial degree of diversity in the approach of different living creatures to the universal problem of finding a source of energy by which to keep alive. Much scientific information is now available about the different groups of living creatures -micro-organisms-which can deal with sewage and, while using it for their own ends, dispose of it so far as we are concerned. One group of these can consume the sewage in the absence of air. In using it in such a way, they 'breathe out' not carbon-dioxide gas as we do but methane gas instead. This can be bottled, and adopted for lighting and heating, but it is rather inconvenient to do so.

Coke Rockery

The other main category of sewage-consuming micro-organisms use it for sustenance in the presence of the oxygen of the air, just as we do with our own food. The modern scientific way of giving the creatures air is to get them to live on the surface of a kind of rockery built of coke. An alternative approach called, not altogether attractively, the 'activated sludge process' is to put them to work in great tanks and pump air through them. But then, just when the sea-change has been suffered and most of the sewage is gone the unfortunate operator is left with his micro-organisms themselves, now in the form of a substantial quantity of the 'activated sludge' after which the process is named. The problem of disposing of sewage may not be insoluble but it nevertheless possesses its discouraging features.

Now a whole series of new problems has arisen. The Martin Company of Denver, Colorado, which builds the American

'Titan' inter-continental missile, has already advanced far in the development of a space-vehicle seriously intended for travel to the moon and the planets. While the engineers and ballistic experts are busy with the mechanics of launching and navigation, a group of other specialists has been studying 'space ecology', that is the science of living in space. In order to do this they are constructing a full-sized space unit in which a crew of men can live for months, completely self-contained, under conditions resembling as closely as possible those likely to be encountered in space or on the Moon. If anyone else wants to join in these studies, the Martin Company is prepared to sell them a 'lunar housing simulator' so that they can practise too.

The Lunar Housing Simulator

This non-flying model is a sphere thirty-two feet in diameter enclosed in a shell fifty-seven feet across, with the space between completely emptied of air. The crew can practise climbing out of the air-lock in the inner ball into this vacuum area in order to get used to doing repairs while dressed in space-suits. It is planned that a crew of five will live and sleep and eat in this little isolated world for months on end; and at once, for them as for the larger world from which they one day hope to be ejected, the problem of refuse disposal—in miniature, to be sure, but with

certain peculiar complications—will arise.

During the evolution of the Earth the early atmosphere was devoid of oxygen. This implies that early living creatures on this planet maintained life by dealing with the substances they used for food by a process of fermentation, as yeast and other microbes still do, rather than by respiration as is our own habit. It is generally accepted by most scientists that the entire oxygen of the present atmosphere owes its origin to photosynthesis by green plants which evolved at a somewhat later stage in the Earth's history. And so it comes about that the experts of the Martin Company of Colorado, busy creating a new planet, have decided that if it is to be self-supporting for oxygen, the best way to go about it is to install plant life. In their experiments so far they have already been able to keep a mouse in a sealed chamber in which all its oxygen is suppied by a brew of a specially selected strain of algae. The activity of the algae is such that two-and-a-half quarts of the algal solution represents 'four-mouse power'. The quantity sufficient for 'one-man power', is, we must imagine, merely a question of extrapolation.

merely a question of extrapolation.

Besides oxygen, the space travellers will need food. And now that it is being seriously considered that they will need to depend on algae for their oxygen, it is a short step to the conclusion that this, a primitive but economical vegetable—a superior 'activated sludge' as it were—might serve them for food as well. And the

proposal is that the space food problem and the space sewage problem might be solved simultaneously by nourishing the algae with this form of fertilizer. If these proposals come about, a space vehicle and its living load will represent, in every sense of the word, a balanced community.

As yet, however, this, in some ways desirable, goal has not been completely achieved. To start with, the algal paste is not particularly inviting and, besides, it is not certain that it contains all the nutrients a man needs for, say, a six-month voyage. So the Martin Company people are experimenting with ordinary garden veretables, grown on ash to be sure, but fertilized as before.

Mr. Wylie nostalgically describes in his book the simple times of early rural Britain when sewage disposal presented few problems. Our present difficulties arise from the numbers of people in our cities and the standard of living we enjoy. It is a curious reflection that the first space travellers, the most highly organized of all mankind, may find it necessary, in order to manage the new planets in which they will be flying, to return to the most primitive form of living of the remotest past.

To the Moon in Comfort

For short journeys—say to the Moon and back and no more—they might be able to take their more sophisticated comforts with them: oxygen in cylinders and food in tins. Scientific studies of space travel talk about the 'cross-over point' when the length of the proposed journey makes it just worth while to make the crew self-supporting of atmosphere and food rather than having to take supplies with them. At one time the 'cross-over point' used to be thought to occur at six months, but the Martin Company experts think now that it may be as short as twenty days. This dwindling estimate of the 'cross-over' time comes about because, although the use of carried rations—corned beef, jam, biscuits, and the like—may seem more attractive than the algal diet, its consumption will, as Mr. Wylie would instantly recognize, present certain problems. And even in a space vehicle well away from Earth there are objections to throwing things out of the window. Sir Alan Herbert, as a distinguished member of the Thames Conservancy, once described how many times a dead dog moved up and down the river with the tide before it eventually reached the open sea. But small objects projected from a space ship will revolve round it, held by the force of gravity, until the journey is over.—Third Programme

Anecdote

Perhaps she cared too much
For her own company. Perhaps
Even her own company
Was too much for her. Anyway,
She lived to herself in a house in a walled garden
So neglected now
That the house was scarcely visible
Through the wild trees that lolled over the wall.

She had little to do with the villagers
Though all agreed
That whenever they chanced to have a word with her
She was friendly enough in a way:
It was simply that no word
However pleasantly spoken
Was able to cross the barrier between them—
There was always the wall.

And yet
It seemed that even a wall
Could not keep out whatever it was she feared.

One evening in May
When the wild trees bloomed like clouds

And Spring gave promise of more
Than ever Spring could possibly perform,
Two men met under the wall
And stayed to pass the time of day,
Made fellow by the benign mood of the hour.
And as they talked
A blackbird opened his throat in the blossoming trees
And sang so sweet and mellow
The music gathered all to itself;
And they could do no other than pause and listen.

Suddenly

A window was flung open in the house
And almost before the men knew what was happening
The crack of a gun had snapped the song asunder
Like a broken stick,
And a voice from the stunned silence after
Asked 'Did I get it?'
But would not wait for an answer.
The window closed again. The two men smiled
And went their ways, bidding each other Good-night.

C. HENRY WARREN

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

June 24-30

Wednesday, June 24

The Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress publish a joint statement of policy on nuclear disarmament

French troops crush an Algerian rebel force attacking the port of Bone

The painting 'The Adoration of the Magi' by Rubens is sold at Sotheby's, London, to a British collector for £275,000

Thursday, June 25

The Transport Commission rejects a claim for higher wages made by the National Union of Railwaymen

The engineering and shipbuilding workers decide to submit a new claim for higher wages

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive at Montreal

Friday, June 26

The St. Lawrence Seaway is opened by the Queen and President Eisenhower

An American airliner crashes near Milan in a storm with loss of all sixty-eight people on board

Saturday, June 27

In a joint statement marking the end of General de Gaulle's visit to Rome, France and Italy call for a meeting of Western Foreign Ministers (with Italy represented) before the resumption of the Geneva Conference

Ingemar Johansson (Sweden) wins world heavyweight boxing championship from Floyd Patterson (U.S.A.) in New York

Sunday, June 28

The State Department in Washington rejects the Soviet protest against the holding of the West German Presidential election in Berlin

The new Russian turbo-prop airliner, the TU.114, flies non-stop from Moscow to New York, a distance of over 4,500 miles

Monday, June 29

Commons debate Opposition motion criticizing some take-over bids and speculations in shares

Demonstrators outside Odhams Press are arrested after scuffles with police

Unofficial strikes begin at firms manufacturing printing ink

Tuesday, June 30

Strike of printing ink workers is declared official. National newspapers threatened with complete stoppage at end of week

National Union of Railwaymen claims increase for workers on London Underground



President Eisenhower replying to the Queen's speech during the ceremonies marking the joint opening by Her Majesty and the President of the St. Lawrence Seaway at St. Lambert Lock, Montreal, on June 26



Passers-by in Bristol studying news displayed in typescript and photographs in the office windows of a local newspaper, one of many that have ceased publication owing to the printing dispute



An impression (by the consultant architect, Mr. Basil Spence) of the new nuclear power station, on which work in the North Wales National Park







nia' with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and the President and Mrs. Eisenhower on board, sailing up the newly opened St. Lawrence Seaway



Princess Margaret, who last week toured the Channel Islands, photographed during a visit to Guernsey where she was given an idea of life on a farm there as it would have been 100 years ago: Her Royal Highness speaking to a farm worker dressed in the clothes of the period









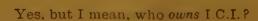
Fingers in the Pie

But who controls I.C.I.—some of those 'top hats' in the City?





Not at all. It's run by a Board of Directors—nearly all of them men who've worked their way up through the business and spent their whole working lives in it.







It's a public company, owned by its stockholders—nearly 330,000 of them. And around 50,000 of these are I.C.I.'s own employees, who got their stock through the company's Profit-Sharing Scheme.

The things they say!



Labour Party Political Broadcast

The Faceless Men

In this Labour Party political broadcast Mr. Christopher Mayhew, M.P., introduced Mr. Niall MacDermot, M.P.; Mr. Geoffrey Goodman, an industrial correspondent; Mr. Peter Shore, prospecparliamentary candidate; and Mr.

HRISTOPHER MAYHEW: Who pays for these large expensive advertisements in our newspapers attacking the Labour Party? Who are these faceless men? Well, we're going to tell you. Spearhead of the attack, pouring hundreds of thousands of pounds into it, is an association of company directors, known as the Institute of Directors The Institute claims to be non-political. That's nonsense; it's a tory organization, run by tory politicians, conducting a tory political campaign These are the people involved.

Voice: The president of the Institute, Viscount Chandos, formerly Oliver Lyttelton, tory M.P and Minister. The vice-presidents-two earls, four barons, one baronet and two knights; including the Earl of Derby, president of several Lancashire tory associations; the Earl of Dudley, former M.P., tory; Lord Ismay, former tory Minister. The chairman of the Institute's Council, Sir Edward Spears, former M.P.—tory; the treasurer, Mr. Harold C. Drayton, chairman of the Whetsted tory association; the leader of the parliamentary panel, Sir Toby Low, tory M.P. and former Minister. The council of the Institute includes five peers, five baronets, and ten knights; among them Viscount Tenby, former tory M.P. and Minister. Sir Patrick Hannon, former tory M.P. and now chairman of the political committee of the Carlton Club; Sir William Mabane, former M.P.—tory; The Marquis of Willingdon, President of the Brighton Pavilion tory association; Sir Halford Reddish, president of the Rugby tory association; Sir John Musker, treasurer of the London Municipal Society—a tory-organization. The parliamentary membership of the Institute in-

cludes over 100 tory peers and 100 tory M.P.s.

Mayhew: So much for the claim that the Institute is non-political. It's nonsense. And so is any suggestion that its attack on Labour's plans for industry is impartial. The Institute of Directors is a pressure group, championing the special interest of its members. Listen to its own description of the duties of its parliamentary panel, in the Institute of Directors' own words.

Voice: 'This panel examines government proposals and other new legislation in order to ensure that the interests of directors are not Voice: 'It can be counted upon to see that the

views of directors are adequately voiced in Parliament whenever the occasion demands it

Mayhew: And when the interests of company directors clash with the interests of the nation it is the national interest that goes to the wall. Labour's plans for industry provide a good example. Parts of them, like the planning of the nation's investment, don't suit all company directors. So the Institute fights them. Take the most obvious case—stopping tax avoidance by company directors, which Labour's proposed code of conduct for industry would stop. Niall MacDermot, Labour M.P. for North Lewisham,

Niall MacDermot: A couple of cases I know about came to light because of proceedings in the Divorce Courts, and I mentioned them recently in the House of Commons. In the first, a director had an agreement with his company which required him to live in the company's

suite in a West End hotel, and to ride about everywhere in the company's Rolls-Royce. The cost of these luxuries was borne by the company. His declared income was £1,500 a year, but he didn't even pay tax on that, because he borrowed large sums from his company, setting off the interest payable against his salary. The other case is rather more common. The director of a private company in the midlands lived in a house owned by his company, with three indoor servants, two gardeners, and a chauffeur, all on the company's pay-roll. Two cars were put at his disposal. The excuse for all this was that he was supposed to require the house for entertaining foreign buyers. He had, in fact, had one

business visitor in two years.

Another type of evasion is by the surtax payer who buys a small farm or market garden which he deliberately runs at a loss, setting the losses off against the profits of his real business or profession. Meanwhile, he and his family derive substantial untaxed benefits in the way of a home, foodstuffs, garden, servants, and transport, and perhaps even some fishing, hunting, and shooting—all charged up to the farm business. These customers are known in agricul-

tural circles as 'income-tax farmers'.

Mayhew: This kind of thing must be stopped, and Labour will stop it. But the Institute of Directors won't help us much. Listen to its own statements on expenses and taxation.

Voice: 'It was largely through the Institute's

activities that tax inspectors were instructed to take a more reasonable view of directors

expenses'.

Voice: 'The surtax concessions in the 1957
budget followed closely the recommendations of the Institute, and were the climax to a campaign

pioneered in 1954'.

Voice: 'Contentions by the inspector that entertaining can only be allowed if it can be shown that actual business was transacted, should be resisted to the uttermost. It should be argued that creating and maintaining business contacts is also an important duty of a director. Contentions that the cost of entertaining the company's own staff, particularly from overseas or outlying branches, is disallowable should also be resisted. (The entertainment of one director by another of equal status is more difficult to

Mayhew: But the Institute shouldn't count on the same record of success with a Labour

Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Well now, we've shown that the Institute is political. We've shown that its members have their own vested interest to protect. We must now show that it's extremely powerful. As Lord Chandos, its President, said last year: 'Let no one think that power and influence do not exist and can be safely ignored. That's only too true. First, political power. Not only is this association of company directors controlled by tories, the tory Party is to an astonishing extent controlled by company directors. There are over 150 company directors sitting on the tory benches in the House of Commons; and counting Ministers who've had to give up their directorships, half the tory Party are or have been company directors.

Now, nobody suggests, of course, that company directors oughtn't to be M.P.s; we've got several on the Labour side and very valuable they are. But if you get so many of them in a party, then other voices are crowded out— You get lop-sided government, you get class government, and no good democrat wants that. But now let's turn to the financial power of the Institute and its friends. How much are they spending on their campaigns? Leading indus-

trial correspondent, Geoffrey Goodman, reports.
Geoffrey Goodman: It seems pretty clear that the tory Party and the Institute of Directors are protection societies for top people. What nobody knows for certain, however, is the amount of protection money the top people pay up. The failure of the tory Party to publish its full accounts has been one of the most sinister features of British politics for many years. passion for secrecy has been copied by those running the present advertising campaigns against the Labour Party. For instance, Mr. A. G. Stewart, the Chairman and Managing Director of Stewarts and Lloyds steel firm, has said it wouldn't be right to reveal the figures of his company's campaign. However, it's been stated in the House of Commons that Stewarts and Lloyds spent over £13,000 on one advertisement in nine Sunday newspapers. On another front, the Road Haulage Association, now campaigning against the re-nationalization of road transport, is reported to have £100,000 available

for what they call 'advertising and publicity
As for the Institute of Directors, they quite simply, that the transactions of its Free Enterprise Campaign Fund are not included in its accounts. Subscriptions to the fund, the Institute says, are voluntary and private. A couple of general elections ago, in 1951, it was estimated that the Institute's campaign cost £200,000. That's as much as the tory Government has just given to the World Refugee Fund. Two years back the Institute was prepared to spend £160,000 putting sixteen films on television. This year the anti-nationalization quiz, sponsored by some of the giant steel firms and organized by Mr. Colin Hurry, is reckoned on his own admission to be costing not less than £300,000. In fact, this mass canvass, covering more than 100 marginal constituencies, is costing several times what the electoral law allows the political parties themselves to spend on the whole election campaign in these same constituencies. We can be sure that more money is being spent by big business this year, against the Labour Party, than ever before in our

political history.

Mayhew: And the effects of this financial power we are seeing every day in our newspapers and on our doorsteps. But, perhaps most important, what about the economic power of these people? Research economist Peter Shore,

Labour's prospective parliamentary candidate for Halifax, reports.

Peter Shore: A small number of giant firms now dominate our economic life. A few hundred large firms do more business, make more profits and have greater resources than all the tens of thousands of smaller businesses put together. The one hundred top firms make as much as one third of all the private profits made in Britain. But that isn't all. Many of these big firms are linked together; by owning blocks of each other's shares, by running the same sub-sidiary companies, by agreeing to share their markets, and often by having the same directors. In fact, you could seat together all the top directors of British industry in one small cinema.

These are the men—the faceless men—who make the big decisions about Britain's industrial future. To a very great extent it is they who decide how many jobs there are going to be; how much production we shall have, and how big our exports and imports shall be. Just how great their power can be was vividly portrayed during the financial crisis two years ago. You will remember that there was a run on Britain's sterling reserves, and the bank rate had to be pushed up to seven per cent., the highest level for thirty years. Well, later events showed the main reason for this flight from the pound. It was the prejudiced gossip of big financiers. By saying that the trade figures were dreadful when they were not; by just talking of rumours of devaluation, some people in the City of London in fact prompted foreign bankers to sell sterling short

Clearly, great power in private hands must be watched, balanced and controlled. Yet most directors are self-appointed, their decisions reached in secret, and they're answerable to no one. The trouble is this: there's no reason why, when they're left to themselves, the directors of the large corporations should so arrange things that the number of jobs available equals the number of people wanting work; or that our exports will equal our imports; or that enough factories and machines are built and improved to guarantee Britain's future. Sometimes these things happen, and sometimes they don't. The important thing is that what is good for the directors is not always good for Britain. There are many occasions when the interests of the corporations and the interests of the nation are bound to be in conflict. And what happens then? If the Institute of Directors had its way the nation would come off second best. Big business could do what it liked. Something better than that is needed if we're to make sure of Britain's industrial future.

Mayhew: Well, there you are, never did so few wield so much power with so little publicity. No wonder a recent article in the Manchester Guardian said of the Institute 'it certainly isn't a professional association in the ordinary sense'. The Daily Express once called them 'a bunch of gasbags'. But they're a lot more than that; they call themselves 'the bosses' trade union'. The forces they represent are tory, selfappointed, wealthy, secretive and powerful.

And so to end, here is the truth on where

And so to end, here is the truth on where Labour stands, from Harold Wilson. The truth first about Labour's policy on public ownership.

Harold Wilson: Our policy has been made

Harold Wilson: Our policy has been made perfectly clear. First we shall re-nationalize steel and road haulage. Why we propose to do this we have repeated many times. Steel is vital to our industrial expansion, and it has never done better than under the period of public ownership from 1950 to 1953. At the present time there's a great deal of public money in the industry: the state puts up the money and private share-holders take the profits and the capital gains

that accrue. We believe that steel should belong to the nation, and be conducted in accordance with the national interest.

On transport, although the British Transport Commission has embarked on an unprecedented modernization programme, it is impossible in the modern world for railways to pay their way, except as part of an integrated transport system which includes vital units of the more profitable road haulage industry. So we shall take back steel and road haulage into public ownership.

Mayhew: And here is the truth about Labour's

policy for the rest of industry.

Wilson: We shall take into public ownership and control any firm or industry, which, after due inquiry, is found to be failing the nation. Is there anything wrong with that? You may ask what we mean by 'failing the nation'. Well, we've made it clear. We have said that it covers such things as inefficiency, failing to play an adequate part in the national export effort, abuse of monopoly power, unwillingness to expand sufficiently the national interest, lack of drive in investment policy, bad industrial relations, failure to co-operate in Government planning measures and so on. So when the Institute of Directors start publishing lists of firms which they expect to see nationalized by a future Labour Government, they seem to be deciding in advance which firms they think are failing the nation. We have no such list; we insist that this matter be determined by a full and proper inquiry.

Mayhew: And here is the truth about Labour's policy for sharing the growing wealth

of industry.

Wilson: We have proposed that the British people should join in the ownership of shares in the more prosperous British companies. You have already heard from Peter Shore about the great power and wealth of these concerns, and the unearned capital gains which accrue to their shareholders. Now all wealth really comes from the community. Why then should the community not share in it? Neither the tories nor the Institute of Directors object when American financial interests come along and buy a share—sometimes even a controlling share—in British industry. And they have been strangely silent about all these take-over bids. But when it is suggested that the ordinary British people, who are not financial tycoons, should share in the growth of this wealth, then pandemonium is let loose.

We have said that we are going to introduce a state superannuation scheme to provide for every worker a pension on retirement roughly equal to half his earnings when at work. This will be financed partly by weekly contributions by employers and employed, and in its early years the superannuation fund will pile up huge reserves. We're proposing therefore that the trustees responsible for the management of these state pension funds should have the same freedom as a private insurance company—say the 'Pru' or the Pearl—to invest both in gilt-edged government securities and in industrial concerns. Does anyone seriously think there's anything wrong in that? Even the present tory Government has agreed to local councils investing their funds in this way, and have even gone so far as to introduce a Bill providing that the pension funds provided for ex-Indian Civil Servants and Army officers should be free to invest in industrial shares.

Mayhew: And then there's Labour's policy for

good industrial behaviour.

Wilson: We've referred to the immense power and influence of the bigger firms, and the fact that they sometimes act in an anti-social way. That is why we suggest it is essential, without nationalizing them—apart from any who are found to be failing the nation—to introduce a code of conduct to regulate their behaviour. For instance, we would require them to notify the Government, through the National Investment Board we have proposed, of their investment and building plans, and see that these plans fit in with the national interest. We should want to see that in their apprenticeship and training schemes and provision of employment for younger workers they set an example to other firms.

Mayhew: And here is Labour's attitude towards tax avoidance and expense accounts...

Wilson: We would lay down rules to regulate the whole racket of perks, tax-dodging, expense accounts and the rest. But, of course, this racket goes far beyond the big firms, so we should alter the tax laws to tighten up on tax-dodging, evasion, dividend-stripping and capital gains.

sion, dividend-stripping and capital gains.

Mayhew: And finally, Labour's attitude towards the pouring out of shareholders' money—
and, in effect, the taxpayers' money—on political

propaganda.

Wilson: This concerns us because we are democrats as well as socialists. We feel this could be dealt with if, first, it was made clear that it did not count as expenditure exempt from tax; second, an Act of Parliament were passed forcing all political parties to do as Labour does, and publish their accounts; and third, if the Companies Act were amended so that directors had to inform their shareholders—and the public—in their balance sheet of all their expenditure on political propaganda.

political propaganda.

Mayhew: Well, there you are. And next time you see an advertisement in the paper attacking the Labour Party or public ownership, remember

who is doing it and why.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Compulsory Latin

Sir,—Mr. Walter James's important talk on compulsory Latin, in common with all other recent discussions on this subject, omitted mention of an all-important feature about which there seems to be a baffling conspiracy of silence.

What should surely be made, and kept, compulsory is the reading of Latin. The importance of learning Latin to teach people to think and write clearly is, I believe, greatly overrated, and can easily be combated: it involves the time-consuming processes of learning to speak, write

and read Latin, and many of us, after countless hours at school, emerged with only a rudimentary and largely useless knowledge of the language. If we had been taught only to read it—a very fast process by modern methods—we should take with us into adult life an invaluable tool to enrich our knowledge of English, to enable us to read inscriptions and the classics in the original, and to proceed easily in other academic directions later if necessary.

Learning to read a language is a 'one-way' process chiefly involving the process of recogni-

tions: whereas learning to put English into another language involves the infinitely more complex mental processes—insuperable to many people—of recall and arrangement, coupled with endless practice.

It children were thus taught only to read Latin, the hours of teaching in school could be cut by at least four-fifths, I should imagine, and much of the task be done as interesting homework. This, after all, is similar to what happens later on with advanced science and history students in such languages as German, Spanish,

and so on, which they must be able to read.

It is indeed bewildering to see the advocates of Latin stubbornly standing out for an allround and often wasted knowledge of the language, and not being willing even to discuss, let alone settle for, a compromise which in many ways would be educationally more desirable.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1 CHARLES H. GIBBS-SMITH

Sir,-Mr. Walter James makes the point that Latin learned grudgingly to 'O'-level might account for many wasted hours, just as clearly as he defends Latin taken further as a link with our European heritage, second only to a knowledge of the origin of our national religion: and he at least suggests a solution.

Why should not our universities demand for entrance, and our schools teach to all, a knowledge in translation of selected classical authors, leaving to those who have some gift for languages the discipline which will enable them ultimately to read the originals? One classical master could direct both studies, and all would enter into the inheritance.—Yours, etc.,

Wembley Park H. M. HARRIS

Forgotten Galleries

Sir,-While agreeing with some of Mr. Quentin Bell's comments on the Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum, I should like to point out that several of his impressions—gained, no doubt, in somewhat hurried fashion-are very misleading.

His description of the ground floor would suggest a heterogeneous collection presented in disorderly profusion. Not so! Positive efforts have been made to simplify the interior of the building as a background for the exhibits. Turning right on entry there is a logical progression from geology, the basic study of our planet, to invertebrate and vertebrate animals which inhabit it, to ethnography, and thence to archaeology and history. The Scott Collection of arms and armour is a special separate possession and attraction, while the local heavy industries of engineering and shipbuilding are due some representation in the Glasgow Museum. The central hall houses visiting exhibitions but mostly selections from the Burrell Collection. We are well aware that separate buildings for the art collections and for engineering and shipbuilding are desirable objectives. We are also keenly aware of the needs for separate accommodation for special exhibitions and for a fully representative gallery of contemporary paintings. Is Mr. Bell aware that official pronouncements recommend that national funds should establish such facilities in Edinburgh, leaving Glasgow—the major centre of population—to provide for itself from local resources and initiative?

Mr. Bell's comments on the important paintings in the Glasgow collections have the piquancy of his individual approach. To describe the Giorgione as a 'fragment' instead of 'having a fragment missing on one side' is, however, a most personal pronouncement. In acknowledgment of popular sentiment and in response to a world-wide expression of keen interest, the Dali 'Christ of St. John of the Cross' is perhaps a little pretentious in its setting. Opinions vary greatly on the merits of this painting but to speak of 'complete incom-

petence' seems to be flying in the face of many judgments-both popular and informed.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow Museums ANDREW HANNAH and Art Galleries Depute Director (in charge of Art)

Sir,-Your correspondent, Mr. T. J. Honeyman, is unnecessarily censorious in his comments on Quentin Bell's 'Forgotten Galleries— III: Glasgow' (THE LISTENER, June 18). Perchance the answer to Mr. Honeyman's question: 'By whom is the Glasgow gallery forgotten?', is to be found in that annual purchasing grant of £1,250. Significantly, Mr. Honeyman avoids discussing this point; nor does he gainsay that the museum 'rises with a preposterous affectation of dignity in the middle of Kelvingrove Park . . . ', and that it houses, as Mr. Bell states, 'an extraordinarily heterogeneous collection within'. Paintings must share the building with stuffed giraffes, sarcophagi, etc., whilst the excellent McLellan Galleries in the city centre are seldom used but for demonstrations in housewifery!

Of course, no discussion of the Glasgow gallery can now be complete without reference to Dali's 'Crucifixion'; one is almost obliged to state on whose side one is—Dali's or art's. The picture gets a considerable amount of attention (apart from what aesthetic attractions it may have) because of the physiological compulsion that it exercises on a viewer. The canvas is a very large one, the dominant colour is an electric blue, and the whole is executed with a calculated symmetry and clever draughtsman-

In addition to this, the gallery has taken the reverential step of setting up crimson rope with gold fittings and massive viewing-benches around Dali's picture, all of which creates a grandiose effect that would doubtlessly gratify the egocentric Mr. Dali. But although the Glasgow authorities may safely allow Dali to think his picture important, it is lamentable that they should by thinking so.—Yours, etc.,

JAMES AITCHISON they should try to mislead the public into

Ibsen's Symbolism

Sir,-Your correspondent, Mr. Andrew Cruickshank, is of course quite right: Ibsen's example did bring about a change in dramatic technique, and he must certainly be regarded as one of the founders of the modern style. But his imitators so often imitated the inessential features of his work, writing problem plays in a prose style that often owed more to Ibsen's translators than to Ibsen himself; while those who tried to find an alternative idiom were reacting against this same dull social realism that had become associated with Ibsen's name. It is most kind of Mr. Cruickshank to invite me to explain Ibsen's influence on his successors, but I have to admit that I am not the man for the job. For me, at least, it would involve discussing all those aspects of Ibsen's work that I find least interesting and least important.

Mr. Cruickshank mentions Georg Brandes: now Brandes, who suggested that Ibsen owed many of his ideas to Kierkegaard (and incidentally he was neither the first nor the last to make that suggestion), was always a glutton for literary trends. He was fond of telling Ibsen that the function of modern literature was to bring problems to discussion. It would be pleasant to think that Brandes was responsible for the element in Ibsen's work that found so many imitators. At any rate, Brandes would have appreciated the idea of influencing succeeding generations of playwrights; Ibsen, I feel sure, was too proud and too egoistical to set very much store by this sort of vicarious immortality.—Yours, etc.,

TENS ARUP

Crime in the Welfare State

Sir,-I would like to comment on the relationship of crime to economic deprivation mentioned by Dr. Terence Morris in the introduction to his talk on crime in the Welfare State, published in The LISTENER of June 4.

Surely this relationship claimed by the social reformers of the nineteenth century was true and remains so. It is far too early to insist that the upsurge in crime statistics can no longer be caused by social conditions; social workers and those who would help in this problem still fight the memory of desperate poverty which influences today's delinquents through their grandparents and parents. The belief, among those deprived classes of the nineteenth century, that education and especially higher education was the preserve of those who made themselves rich at the expense of others and who, in their cliquishness, 'fixed jobs for the boys', still exists to a large extent in this community. As Dr. Morris himself says from his own experience and study, most offenders come from one distinct social and economic group—the semiskilled and manual workers—the group which has provided this kind of worker, in the main, since the industrial revolution and which has been underprivileged for almost as long.

It is impossible to wipe out the memory of such a period of poverty in two generations, and it may well be another fifty years before the defence mechanism principle, that to get what one wants from Society it is necessary to grab regardless of one's right to the thing, is erased from the minds of those who for so long have had little or no other access to what are now considered the basic rights of a human being.

Yours, etc.,

IRIS H. NAPIER

The Gypsies of Britain

Sir,—It is curious that the letters mentioning Romany words in the English language have omitted the commonest one of all, which is pal'. This is the Romany word for 'brother'.

Yours, etc.,

Rahenv

THOMAS' J. JOHNSTON

Field Marshal Lord Raglan

Sir,—I am writing a book about Field Marshal Lord Raglan, which is to be published by Messrs. Longmans. If any of your readers have letters written from the Crimea between September 1854 and July 1855 I would be extremely grateful if they would be good enough to write to me.—Yours, etc.,

CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT

4, Albany Court Yard, London, W.1

Which?, published by Consumers Association Ltd., considers in its June number electric food mixers, tennis balls, and small refrigerators. Membership of the Association, 333 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.,

Art in Canada Today

By JOHN STEEGMAN

HAVE been living for the last six or seven years in Canada. And yet, paradoxically, not in Canada but in Montreal; Montreal is in Quebec. The Province of Quebec is as different from the rest of Canada as Ireland is from the rest of Britain. This separatism, though very self-conscious, has its obvious historical justification. It is the great fertilizer of the poetry, the novel, and the theatre of French

Canada. But it is not notably reflected as a special, separate element in the art of Canada as a whole.

Fifty years ago Canadian painters never dreamt of painting the Canadian scene with a specially Canadian accent. Twentyfive years ago they were doing nothing else. change of vision achieved about 1912 and later by a consciously revolutionary group, known still as the Group of Seven. To European eyes today their work looks like blown-up posters advertising Canadian scenery in a travel-agency. All the same, what the Group of Seven did when they did it supplied a desperately needed blood-transfusion. It infused life into something that was slowly dying of academic gentility.

Toronto was the main production centre of this new and emphatically proclaimed awareness of

the Canadian scene. The Group of Seven was soon accepted as a tradition, though not without violent controversy. Although it meant, and means, little to European eyes it meant a great gain for Canadian life—that is, for British-Canadian life; French-Canada had no part in it. The French-Canadian painters of the nineteentwenties and -thirties, such as Gagnon or Suzor-Coté, were still trailing along in a faded and second-hand kind of Impressionism.

However, in the nineteen-forties the situation began to take a different turn: a turn away from a narrow and rather smug nationalism towards a more progressive and inquiring internationalism. Here the French-Canadian young artists took the lead, and the production-centre shifted from Toronto to Montreal. The young men of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and the Montreal Museum's Art School began at last to realize that painting is not merely the attempt to record facts but is the progressive attempt to solve problems, each of which poses a new one.

But this intellectual game, if played successfully, demands a secure intellectual tradition. The traditions in Canadian art are still insecure,

except in the field of landscape painting. An intellectual tradition is the soil which produces not only the artist who knows where he is going but also the receptive spectator and the intelligent patron and collector; it also does or should produce the experienced critic with the ability to mix some thinking with his feeling. This level of criticism is not, as yet, often achieved in Canada.



'Les Pensées', by Alfred Pellan (b. 1906), in the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts

By about 1950 a new internationalizing influence in Montreal was becoming evident as a kind of fertilizer. This was the European-Jewish element, whose deep and understanding feeling for the human form did so much to free the Montreal painters from their boring obsession with landscape. Soon, Montreal was followed by Toronto and Vancouver in showing successful and really interesting exhibitions by their own artists, in the international idioms of pure Abstract, Abstract-Concrete, Tâchiste, Automatist, and all the rest.

Canada's political progress from regionalism to nationalism—to internationalism has been reflected in her art. But her contemporary art has not altogether escaped the pitfalls that beset so much of contemporary art throughout the world. Too many of our younger painters expose themselves to the suspicion of being abstract only because they have never learnt the discipline of painting objectively. It looks suspiciously like taking a short cut towards fashionable success. Of course, for the time being they are getting away with it in Montreal, and even in provincial Toronto, because there are enough

fashion-conscious purchasers to maintain the dealers who handle them.

In my opinion the most serious-minded groups now in Canada are Les Plasticiens in Montreal and Painters Eleven in Toronto. Certainly the most influential painter that Canada has recently produced is Riopelle*, born and trained in Montreal; but he, to Montreal's loss, now lives wholly in Paris, The loss is a real one.

because a man of Riopelle's stature would, in Canada, have spoken with an authority which as yet no one else has assumed. He would have established a standard whereby younger artists, not only his followers, might have learnt the discipline of controlling their passions by their thinking. This kind of authority would compen-sate for the present insecurity of our traditions; this insecurity is particularly evident in Quebec Province.

Historically, Quebec is the oldest part of Canada; intellectually it is the youngest. While English-speaking Canada has always maintained close connexion with England and Scotland, French-Canada has never maintained contact with France; nor has it ever received the vitalizing blood-transfusion of immigration from Europe. Until recently there was no intellectual affinity between

French-Canada and France. While in France even the peasants have an instinctive respect for artists, the French-Canadian was aware of art only to the extent of mistrusting it: and this mistrust was no doubt fostered by the clergy and the nuns, through the schools.

I remember once asking the Cardinal-Archbishop of Montreal if he could persuade the schools under his jurisdiction to make regular use of the Museum of Fine Art. He was sympathetic, but said that the teaching nuns would never be induced to do so; and, His Eminence added, 'Les bonnes Soeurs sont plus fortes que moi'. I am sure that this puritanical isolationism goes far towards explaining the dilemma in which art in French-Canada now finds itself. It is significant that in Montreal the most perceptive supporters of art are almost wholly anticlerical.

I said 'dilemma' just now. Let me try to define this, extending it to Canadian art in general. There is first the dilemma which faces the young artist who is not yet established: should he follow the non-objective vogue, or should he face the risk of being considered old-

fashioned and unprogressive? You may say that such a situation for serious artists ought never to exist, but I am sure it does and that it is created in the art-conscious section of the public rather than by the artists themselves. By the art-conscious public I do not mean only people who read books about art and go to art galleries, but also people who are prepared to spend a few hundred dollars on buying a contemporary picture for themselves.

Such people, in a young country with a small population, are necessarily rather rare; and they are more likely to be swayed by prejudice than in those countries with a long experience of the humanities behind them. Most of these, at any rate in British-Canada, are thoroughly conservative in their taste. They buy only pictures that will communicate readily, and even then

only those by established and 'safe' artists; they are indifferent to any art that they cannot readily understand, and they seldom venture to patronize an unknown painter. Of course, there are exceptions, especially in Toronto where there are more buyers willing to back the unknown than in English-speaking Montreal.

In French-speaking Montreal, on the other hand, the position is reversed. While the great majority of the younger painters are of what used to be called avant-garde, there are proportionately fewer buyers. But they are of the coteries that are breaking out of the traditional isolationism of French-Canada, and they therefore tend to be intolerant of any form of art that does not appear, at any rate on the surface, to be progressive and up to date.

However, at the end I return to what I said

at the beginning: that French-Montreal provides at the moment the most fertile soil in Canada for the arts in the coming generation. Despite the present provincialism and addiction to clichés, there is great promise for the future. Is this perhaps because the few, but influential, French Canadian collectors are at last emerging from their isolationism? I think so. I think that they, more than their English-speaking compatriots, are less easily influenced by fashionable cliché and are more aware of quality; but, with this awareness, they are also more adventurous in their patronage. Since the artistic atmosphere of any community depends on patronage as much as on production, I feel hopeful that the contemporary painters of French-Canada will lead the way in exposing what is, at present, too often meretricious and modish.

Shakespeare and Co., Paris

SYLVIA BEACH recalls how she published 'Ulysses'

Y father was a Presbyterian Minister in Princeton, New Jersey, and he sent me over to Paris during the 1914 war to study. My studies brought me in contact with Adrienne Monnier, a very interesting woman, famous in literary history in France, who had a bookshop in rue de l'Odéon where all the French writers went in and out. I used to frequent this bookshop—perhaps the only foreigner during the 1914 war who went there.

I was first going to have a bookshop in New York—a French bookshop. But I did not have the capital to do this: it would have been too expensive. My mother gave me a few savings that she had, and it was not sufficient. So, when I was talking this over with Adrienne Monnier, she suggested having an American one in Paris.

The young American writers had not arrived in Paris when I opened my bookshop. But I had confidence that they would come. I did not realize that there was going to be an exodus from America. But the opening of my bookshop coincided with the arrival of all these writers—these 'big-timers' as my generation called them—who came to make Paris their home.

At the house of the French poet André Spire I met James Joyce. Ezra Pound and his wife Dorothy Pound were there too. They had brought the Joyces, and I met Mrs. Joyce. Joyce seemed interested in my bookshop and became a daily visitor. At the time his Ulysses was appearing in a little review in New York. And he told me about his troubles with Ulysses. It was being suppressed regularly in the little review. They suppressed it four times in all and finally altogether. And the editresses, Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, were hauled off to court: they escaped with a fine of a hundred dollars, and their fingerprints and thumb-prints were taken, and then Ulysses was finished in America. This was the winter of 1920. James Joyce came to tell me this sad news. He was very downcast, and he said: 'My book will never appear'.

I knew that in England an effort had been made by Miss Harriet Weaver. She had published A Portrait of the Artist in her review The

Egoist but she was not able to publish Ulysses. She first tried in her review, and the subscribers said it was not suitable for a family paper; so then she suppressed her review herself and opened a publishing house, the Egoist Press, in order to publish Joyce's work. She was still not able to publish Ulysses. So that is where I came in. I, who was not a publisher at all, but just a little bookseller with no capital and no experience, offered to publish Ulysses and Joyce accepted. I went ahead and found a printer who was willing to accept the risk, and I said: 'Your bills won't be paid unless we get the subscriptions, but we'll get the subscriptions'. Then Miss Weaver sent me a big mailing list from England; and in Paris, Ezra Pound and Hemingway and McAlmon and everybody turned in

and brought me subscriptions very nicely. Colonel Lawrence subscribed and he kept complaining that the book was not out yet.

Joyce was working on the Circe episode at the time. He had not finished *Ulysses* yet and he was having serious trouble with his eyes. The manuscript was very illegible, as he could not see. Nine stenographers tried to tackle the copying of the Circe episode and gave it up. One of them, Joyce told me, wanted to throw herself out of the window, and another one—the last one—threw her copy in the doorway where Joyce lived at the time, in the Boulevard Raspail, and rushed away down the street. Finally, two friends copied, and each in turn had to give it up for one reason or another: my sister Siprian who was taking part in a film worked on it for a



James Joyce, Sylvia Beach (centre), and Adrienne Monnier in Miss Beach's bookshop in Paris

while, then her film went elsewhere and she could not continue. Then an English friend at the British Embassy was very interested in *Ulysses* and she said she would copy it. But her husband saw it and threw the manuscript and copy into the fire. We were faced with a dreadful dilemma: the manuscript had been sent over to America and there was no other copy in Paris. John Quinn, the Irish-American lawyer, had this manuscript, which he was purchasing bit by bit. We tried to get him to return the part that had been destroyed, and finally he had it photo-copied and sent us this piece.

Well. I had a bet with Joyce that Shaw would subscribe. I said: 'I'm going to send him a prospectus. He's always so interested in his fellow-Irishmen, and in anything like a suppressed book, I'm sure he will'. Joyce burst out laughing. He said: 'He will not subscribe'. So we bet on that, and I said I would give Joyce a box of his favourite cigars and he was to give me a silk handkerchief to dry my eyes on. Bernard Shaw wrote a letter explaining on a whole page why he could not subscribe: and he ended by saying that I did not know his fellow-countrymen if I thought that an elderly Irish gentleman could afford to pay as much as 150. francs for a book.

But there were French subscribers—André Gide was one of them; and there were other subscribers everywhere.

When Ulysses appeared I had no trouble getting it into England. I got in all the copies specially, though an article had appeared in the Pink 'Un and posters were up in London saying 'This scandal of Ulysses', and the Sporting Times seemed very much shocked. But immediately I got a great many letters from Colonels, asking me to send it to their clubs in London. I did not get the copies into America. They were all seized at the port of New York. I told Ernest Hemingway about this and asked what I should do to get the copies to the subscribers in America. Hemingway had a splendid



James Joyce (right) with Robert McAlmon (an editor of Contact), who used to frequent Shakespeare and Co.: a drawing by Paul-Emile Bécat (1927)

scheme of getting it in through Canada. A man used to cross over on a ferry boat carrying a copy of *Ulysses* in his trousers, day by day until he got them all in. In the end, when he had to hurry, he took a friend with him, and they each took two and looked like prospective mothers.

At that time in Paris we had the three masters, Ezra Pound, Gertrude Stein, and James Joyce. Everybody came except Mr. T. S. Eliot, who would not leave London: but he was adored from afar. Then all the young writers of the 'twenties began to leave America and there was this great influx into Paris. They came because of the restrictions in America—books were suppressed, alcohol was suppressed. Also living was cheaper in Paris; and the masters were here whom they admired so much. Paris

was the centre of this great modern movement. My bookshop became the headquarters of these young writers. They seemed to know about it before they came; they gave it as their address in Paris and they were always there as at a club. Their works circulated round and centred on the rue de l'Odéon; they opened their publishing houses and they published their reviews around Shakespeare and Co.

They did not come to Paris to be under the French influence or to be under any European influence, but to express themselves as Americans, which they were not allowed to do because of the Puritan movement at home after the war; so they came over to be more American rather than less. The American language and the American idea and spirit was what they wanted to express. They wanted to break away from the European tradition; they believed in the American language, and that is why I had an exhibition of Walt Whitman for I thought he was the father of that generation.

They still come back and forth from America and have a certain homesickness for the rue de l'Odéon. But as our bookshops have disappeared, their homes have disappeared too: and the

Ritz does not quite replace it. During the occupation, before I closed the bookshop, a German officer came in and said he would buy the copy of Finnegans Wake in the window. I refused to sell it to him. He said: 'You must sell it to me'. I said: 'I will not'. He said: 'Well, we're coming to confiscate all your goods today', and he rushed out in a rage. In two hours everything had been taken out of the shop. I closed, put up the shutters, the name was painted off the front by the house-painter, and the signboard was taken down. All the books and the furniture and all the shelves even were removed. My friends turned in to help me and everything was hidden in an empty apartment in the same house. And I was taken away and interned by the Germans.

Third Programme

Miner's Backyard

After his shift in darkness how
He revels in his backyard lawn,
Size of a schooner's mainsail, yet
Gives enough sway to winds of thought
That topsy-turvy row and rage
Until directed brought within
The gracious space of its green spot
To find a tranquil anchorage,
Much as the gay red admiral
'Mid the nasturtiums on the loose
Does an exotic harbour find
During long cruise!

Rough walls hold copulating snails

With no thrush near to crack a shell—
Bent on the everlasting sum—
Life's all-imperative multiple.

And, symbol of all mystery, A prowling black cat climbs the gate; Sleek, sinister tiger of the Night Whose eyes e'er glutton on our fate.

A worm more sheltered quarter seeks
Dragging its myriad loops along
The shortened grass where black ants play,
Or cranefly stumbles o'er himself
As if his knees were in the way.

While near a spider swings or climbs
Who, weaving a cubist trapping bridge,
Some infinite Picasso mimes
To win no plaudits from a midge.
And we with our superior air
Are never very far removed

From this bewildering kingdom where The lover's devoured by the loved!

Yet how we dread untidiness In mind or matter, we who bleed In life's grim struggle to reshape Ancient disorder to our need.

What's done but meant to be undone! Mutual parasites—give and take, Gobbling or gobbled, where the sun Its contradictory own clouds make.

Who can resolve the tangling snare,
Shut eye, lock heart to what is given—
The countless miniature killings where
The massed flowers shoot their scent to heaven?
HUW MENAI

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Civil Liberty in South Africa
By Edgar H. Brookes and J. B.
Macaulay. Oxford. 18s.

Reviewed by PHILIP MASON

Most people in Britain are aware that in the Union of South Africa the liberty of the African is seriously curtailed; fewer perhaps realize how many inroads have been made on the idea of the reign of law and on the freedom of all subjects. Here is a sober and factual account of what is happening. It is written with an austere self-discipline; there is hardly any comment. But, as the authors remark in their final chapter: 'As restriction is piled upon restriction, one is deeply moved at the picture which is disclosed. Even to those used to these conditions the effect of marshalling them in order is devastating; the heart seeks almost desperately for some ray of hope, some dawn of freedom'.

This cumulative effect can hardly be conveyed in a review, but two aspects of the situation may be chosen as examples. The first concerns the freedom of Africans to move from place to place and look for work. Africans in South Africa are 'within their own country confined to the areas authority has decreed over them'. If an African wishes to leave one of these areas for another or go to a town even for a short visit, he must first get the consent of an official of the Native Affairs Department. Having obtained consent to leave his own area, the proper course for an African, as soon as he reaches a town, is to go to the Native Commissioner's office and obtain permission to look for work or else establish the fact that he has entered the town as a visitor in good faith and proposes to stay there for not more than seventy-two hours. If he fails to do this, he is liable to arrest on sight and 'it shall be presumed until the contrary is proved' that he remained in the area for more than seventy-two hours. This means, apart from the inconvenience if all goes well, that he is liable to arrest with the burden of proof against him at any moment between the railway station and the Native Commissioner's office.

There are exemptions from this law. A person who has lawfully remained in an area for fifteen years may be allowed to stay. But the stay must be continuous. Although she had lived there fifteen years, an African woman was convicted for being in an urban area unlawfully on the grounds that ten years earlier she had gone out of the area—from Mondays to Fridays during a period of about two years—to earn money by picking grapes. In the end, after two appeals, she won her case in the highest court of the land.

This is one aspect only of the situation as

This is one aspect only of the situation as regards Africans. It is to be remembered that the reserves are thirteen per cent, of the total area of the country and that they do not produce enough food to support the African population, who must therefore go to work in areas where they may only stay on sufferance. Within the reserves, the Governor General is the Supreme Chief. 'Neither the Supreme

Court nor any other court of law has the right to question the legality of any act done or punishment inflicted by the Supreme 'Chief' (page 158). There is thus no legal recourse against administrative action. The principle of Habeas Corpus does not apply.

For the European, the situation as yet is nothing like so bad. He is represented in Parliament; he is nowhere in the position of the African in the reserves who is denied legal redress. But consider his right to freedom of speech. Under the Suppression of Communism Act, if the Governor General is satisfied that a periodical 'serves as a means for expressing views . . . calculated to further the achievement of any of the objects of Communism', he may prohibit the publication of the paper. A leading article might be severely critical of the whole Marxist system, but would technically bring the paper within the Act if it was held to further any of the aims of Communism, among which are surely quite a number which are also the aims of most civilized states, for example that every subject of the State should have enough to eat and that every adult should have the right to vote—even if his vote does not mean very much. Again, the criminal Law Amendment Act of 1953 provides that 'Any person who . . . uses any language . . . calculated to cause any person to commit an offence by way of protest against a law or in support of any campaign for the repeal or modification of a law' shall be liable to severe penalties, which include a fine of £500 and imprisonment for five years and for which on a second offence either imprisonment or whipping must be imposed as well as a fine. A protest, for example, against what is felt to be an unjust tax by a municipality might lead someone to refuse to pay the tax and be held to be an offence under

It would be out of place here to multiply examples of this kind. It is enough to say that there has been a steady erosion of individual liberty and a growing tendency to give a wide discretion to 'the Minister' or to one of his officials. Freedom is an old-fashioned word: it has a quaintly Victorian ring in our ears. Our own freedom in Britain has become a trifle shabby, but we can still go where we like, say what we like and choose our company; within very wide limits we can bring up our children as we like; these are liberties we take for granted. They are disappearing in the Union of South Africa and for many they do not exist; by a paradox almost as horrible as the fact, it is in the name of Christianity and Western democracy that these simple rights are denied.

Conversations with Igor Stravinsky By Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Faber. 21s.

The technique of the interview, as a means of eliciting what is in a certain person's mind, is used here with considerable success. Robert Craft, a practising musician as well as a friend of Stravinsky, is most discreet. He seldom takes Stravinsky up on a point but simply lets him

talk himself to a standstill and then puts the next point. Thus the reader is not bothered with sorting out two opinions but simply listens to Stravinsky as his mind is gently jolted into the next groove.

The functioning of this technique may be shown by a single example. Craft questions Stravinsky about the young people of today, the new 'experimental' composers, as he calls them, the people who, he opines as he glances at Stravinsky, might be going 'too far'. (I say glances at his victim, though it is likely that the question was left lying on the desk while the Master thought out and then dictated his considered reply; yet the effect is lively enough.) Stravinsky answers at some length and eventually comes to his finest point, 'Of course, it requires greater effort [than just ignoring these new ideas] to learn from one's juniors, and their manners are not invariably good. But when you are seventy-five and your generation has overlapped with four younger ones, it behoves you not to decide in advance "hew far composers can go", but to try to discover whatever new thing it is that makes the new generation new'.

There is more than that calm appreciation of old and young problems in this book but this is the best; and any book that contains so penetrating an analysis of age and youth, the wisdom of the one, the startling new techniques of the other and their interaction, is a book worth keeping. There are other things, of course, that are stimulating (the remarks about Stravinsky's teacher Rimsky-Korsakov and about Berg, Webern, Bartók), things also that seem obtuse (Stravinsky's dismissal of Richard Strauss) or downright perverse, as the assertion that all the music of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is secular-shades of the Missa Solennis and of a certain Symphony of Psalms!—though it seems probable that an error has crept into the transcription there. With the scraps of reminiscence elicited by questions about the early years in Russia and dealings with Diaghilev and others, there is good material here for later biographers to turn to when they search for the human being within the hard outer casing that Stravinsky has fabricated as a defence between his soul and the world of gossip and intrigue.

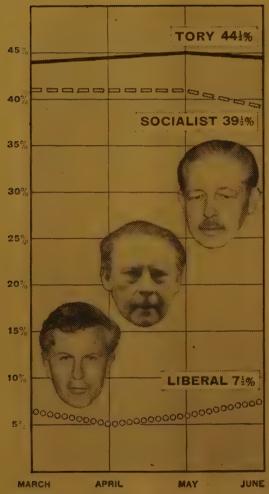
SCOTT GODDARD

Europe 1450-1815. By Ernest John Knapton. Murray. £2 10s.

If this were no more than a good text-book, it would certainly fill a need, though it might not call for notice here. But it offers so much more than most text-books of European history, and does what it sets out to do so honestly and stimulatingly, that it deserves a wider audience than the American college students for whom it was primarily written. Indeed for the average layman who wants to renew his interest in history, but needs a fresh guide to the broad outlines before proceeding to the closer view of men and movements which brings the student of the past his real rewards, nothing better could be recommended for this long period.

What gives Professor Knapton's book this

WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK



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claim is his determination not merely to chronicle events but to assess their significance. He is bold in generalization, while constantly aware of the dangers of dogmatism and oversimplification. This is in fact as much a history of ideas as of political and economic developments, but its great quality is the skill with which all the elements that moulded European civilization—politics, economics, geography, religious and philosophical and scientific and social thought, together with their aesthetic expression—are integrated on so broad a canvas. He triumphantly makes good his promise to expound 'cultural matters' as more than a mere 'appendage or decoration'. He claims that 'the historian must be as much concerned with the structure of ideas as with the structure, say, of the Holy Roman Empire, and that the battles of the mind are as much a part of the human pageant as are the campaigns of Frederick the Great'. He takes bold short cuts over the passages which are apt to prove merely stultifying in the sort of books we all knew at school. He manages, for instance, to convey much of what really matters about the Italian wars of the early sixteenth century in half a dozen pages, and then goes on to devote as many more to what Macchiavelli, Erasmus and More had to say about the power politics of the age. In two excellent chapters on 'the intellectual revolution' he relates the message of the French philosophes to its antecedents in seventeenth-century English thought, and both to the profound reorientation brought about by the scientific revolution -not an original achievement, perhaps, but an admirable one to find within the compass of a work covering nearly 400 years of European history in about twice as many pages.

The more conventional matters which such a book must treat are not all equally well done. Some of the short cuts are really too short for the uninstructed reader. It was a mistake, for example, to try to cram the whole political history of seventeenth-century England into less than thirty pages, pages moreover which embody too many discredited generalizations and actual errors. But in general Professor Knapton has taken immense pains to organize his vast subjectmatter so as to maintain its essential continuity in space and time, with as few arbitrary breaks and repetitions as possible. His style, if it does not attain the distinction and felicity of the famous book by H. A. L. Fisher to which he pays generous tribute, is admirably clear and readable. He has a flair for the vivifying touch: the 2,000 Italian courtesans marching in battalions and platoons with the Duke of Alva's army from Genoa to the rebellious Netherlands, the pigs roaming in the streets of seventeenthcentury Berlin, the Polish hussars charging with five-foot wings of eagles' plumes fastened to the backs of their armour, Prince Kaunitz changing his clothes twenty or thirty times a day.

The book is embellished with thirty imaginatively chosen illustrations and as many excellent maps. It has thirty-three closely packed pages of bibliography with a section for each chapter, brief but enlightening comparative chronological tables, lists of the rulers of all the principal states, genealogical tables, and even some sensible advice on how to write a history paper. It deserves a place in every grammar school library, and parents whose sons and daughters are wrestling with large chunks of European history for the Advanced Level of the G.C.E. or a first-

year university course could hardly make them a better present. They will find it a refreshing antidote to the tendency to reduce the subject to a dry chronicle of dynastic and diplomatic manoeuvre, and one only hopes that their examiners will give them scope and credit for the broad and humane view of historical studies which this book encourages.

A. H. WOOLRYCH

The Anatomy of Puck By K. M. Briggs.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

This book is a cross between a history of fairylore in history and a padded-out thesis on the special subject of the literary treatment of fairies in the seventeenth century. If it falls between two stools they are both seats of learning, for the author is a scholar and a good writer.

In the popular mind, today, fairies are largely associated with A Midsummer Night's Dream, gauzy little Tinker Bell, some rather unsuccessful astral photography and poor jokes about homosexuals (perhaps due to the transvestism which is part of the witch/fairy tradition). They sit upon mushrooms, and are concerned with thistledown, their whimsy name of the Little Folk, and Sussex tea-rooms.

Fairies were once much more than this. They represent a continuing interest in human belief. They can be psychological condensations—dreams and escapes into a Lilliputian world of happy nympholepsy. They can be nursery memories reproducing folk memory: immemorial nanny-lore. They can be ghosts, nature spirits, or lesser deities of the Teutons and Celts. More particularly, and more often than not, they are race-memories of the stocks of little people who inhabited these islands before the coming of the Celts, with their ironculture, in the first millennia before Christ. Today, many peoples in Africa and India identify with monkeys (whom they sometimes regard as sacred) the people they have supplanted.

Fairies were the small dark cattlemen of Paleolithic Europe. They used elf-arrows, and survived in legend beside the fairy hills which were barrows; and in glass palaces, a feature of fairystory, which were perhaps such barrows faced with glistening stone. They were the little men with the magic, the thought-throwing, and the fear of the invisible world, accepted by their conquerors. In the British Isles they operated largely on the Celtic ragged fringe. In the north a murkier memory of Neanderthal ogres lurked in legend.

This is one concept. Fairies were also ghosts, ancestors, and degraded gods, or perhaps the local deities which Christianity refused to conform into saints or deride as devils. They were also witches. Early writers almost all equate fairies and witches, and so indeed does Sir Walter Scott, in his Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft. It is a long journey from the terrifying boggarts and mischievous pixies, with the witches who supped with the Faery King and died for it, to the wee winged vulgarities of the popular children's books. Fairies had affinities with the Persian 'peri' and the darkest fears of primitive man. They were real memories, psychological symbols, and an excuse for a pinched behind for the seventeenth-century dairymaid.

Miss Briggs, who has read conspicuously widely and deeply, is not particularly interested

in the anthropological explanations of witch- or fairy-craft, although she has obviously read them. Her analysis of the fairies in Shakespeare himself is somewhat perfunctory. She does, however, excellently deploy herself in illustrating the impact, on to the searching minds of the seventeenth century, of the folk beliefs about fairy-lore and the new literary concepts which had filtered through from Italy. Shakespeare himself has much to answer for, in making fairies impossibly little. Yet he could not have seen the decline to Disney.

This is a scholarly book. The work about Shakespeare's fairies has been done before, but as an overall and thoughful assessment of the interpretation of the altering belief about fairies in his contemporaries this is most valuable. The literary illustrations, in quotation, are full and remarkable. It is excellently produced.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES

The Church in the Dark Ages By H. Daniel-Rops. Dent. 42s.

Nowadays, when we have so many monographs on most aspects of the centuries that lie between the breakdown of the Roman Empire and the emergence of 'Christendom', it can hardly be asserted that the 'Dark Ages' are dark because insufficient light has been thrown on them. They are dark because the melancholy record of invasion, destruction, theological controversy, political calamity and the rest gives a general impression of gloom and the unleashing of the powers of evil. True, there are chinks of light, dim and intermittent, which illuminate the scene from time to time, but these serve only to emphasize the encircling blackness and to throw even deeper shadows. That anything positive ever emerged from this welter of barbarism is nothing short of a miracle, for the remnants of the older civilizations that survived are due, as the author clearly shows, to the gigantic efforts of a few courageous and monumental figures.

The book fittingly opens with a brilliant study of Augustine and his work, for this portrait of a tireless bishop instructing simple lay-folk, combating heresy and dictating profound theological treatises whilst the enemies of civilization were battering down the walls of this episcopal city, is a picture in miniature of what the bishops as a whole were called upon to do during the ensuing centuries. The work of preserving the fundamental elements of society, of salvaging the remains of arts and letters, of teaching the rudiments of Christianity, had to be carried on amidst the constant and unrelenting stresses of war and vice.

The following chapters deal successively with Byzantium and the ambivalent attitude of the theologian autocrats to the Popes, the conversion of the barbarians, first to Arianism and later to Catholicism, the moral degradation of these half-baked Christians and their eventual incorporation into the spiritual and intellectual heritage of the Church, the growing antagonism between East and West, the Islamic conquest and Charlemagne's brave efforts to recreate in a Christian form the ancient glories of the Roman Empire. The book ends with the monastic revival in Italy, the spread of the Cluniac reform and the gradual emergence of new ideas.

The author's patient unravelling of this knotted skein of events is matched only by his superb gift of synthesis and vivid description. Even the most recondite theological minutiae are

explained with ease and clarity, whilst his portraits of the chief protagonists are admirable in their conciseness and psychological insight. His grasp of the material, which he marshals with a true Gallic sense of order and proportion, is enviable. Yet in spite of his panoramic view of this long period, he finds time to cast an interested eye on the small but picturesque details which illuminate the main theme of his story—Saint Caesarius's piquant sermons about the use of marriage, Macbeth at the feet of Pope Leo IX, the origin of the legend about woman having no soul, the Dane with a penchant for baptismal ceremonies. He treats everything with a sym-

pathetic pen and a fresh eye. The reader is helped along in his understanding of the complicated movements of events by good maps which illustrate the changing face of Europe during these troubled centuries. There are chronological tables at the end with lists of Emperors and Popes and a select bibliography, mostly of books in French. This section could have been improved with a little more trouble, for several of the French authors mentioned have been translated into English whilst for many others there are English equivalents. I particularly note the absence of books by Levison.

C. H. TALBOT

The Rise and Fall of Sir Anthony Eden, by Randolph Churchill (MacGibbon and Kee, 25s.) is concerned to one-third of its length with the period during which he was Prime Minister and the highly controversial 'Suez affair'. Mr. Churchill does not explain the qualities that brought Sir Anthony to one of the highest Ministerial offices at an early age or the reasons why his father, Sir Winston, commended him as his successor. Like everything Mr. Churchill writes, this is lively journalism, but obviously for a fuller appraisal of Sir Anthony as a statesman we shall have to wait many years until the Cabinet archives are opened to historians.—M. A.

New Novels

A Light in the Sky. By John Comley. Heinemann. 15s. The Visited. By Joan O'Donovan. Gollancz. 15s. Long Pig. By Russell Foreman. Heinemann. 16s.

IRELAND'S TIME OF TROUBLES is so rich in the elements of tragedy and of farce that it is not surprising that it should have inspired master-pieces both of drama and of poetry, such as Juno and the Paycock or 'Easter 1916': but if one excepts some stories by Liam O'Flaherty and Seán O'Faoláin, Ireland's struggle for independence has received surprisingly little attention in fiction. One wonders why this should be; is it because its very success has destroyed its charm as a subject for literature or because no one has been quite able to unravel the tangled web of motive and circumstance behind the Treaty and the Civil War? Or is it quite simply that Irishmen have not written but talked the subject out?

A Light in the Sky is by no means a masterpiece, but its subject gives it great freshness and interest, and it makes an honest attempt to reconcile the excitements of a thriller with an analysis of the complicated political and personal passions inspired by 'the troubles'. And one is grateful to Mr. Comley because he tells his story without using any of the wornout stage properties with which so much writing about Ireland is overburdened. His Irishmen are not creatures of fantasy and wit, reeking of whiskey, stout and the bog; they have more of the fundamental cold-heartedness than the superficial charm of the Celtic temperament, and his Dublin has the atmosphere rather of decayed nineteenth-century industrialism than of Ascendancy Georgian architecture.

Danny Pearson, his hero, is a gunman who at thirty has lived on the run for years, and under the strain has begun to weaken and disintegrate. Both hunter and hunted, he has lost faith in the value of murder as a fine political art, and in his mood of self-doubt he falls an easy victim to the charms of a Dublin prostitute who is also a police informer. His belief in her threatens to have fatal results both for himself and for her; they are averted by the news that the Treaty has been signed and that the struggle for independence has ended in victory. Danny becomes an officer in Ireland's new army, but the curse of violence is not so easily shaken off, and when the Treaty leads to civil war, Danny's sympathies are with his old friends in 'the Organization' who are now rebels once again, and only cynicism keeps him

loyal to the government. But in the end indifference breaks down, though when once more he resorts to the gun it is not for political but for purely personal motives, and when he himself is shot down it is in the knowledge that his life has long ceased to have purpose or meaning. As Yeats wrote,

> Too long a sacrifice Can make a stone of the heart,

and it is precisely because the profession of murder in the service of political abstractions has turned Danny's heart to stone that in the end he finds he has nothing to live for. Danny Pearson is a surprisingly convincing portrait of a political gunman, and the subsidiary figures in Mr. Comley's novel recall some of those historical characters, who showed, to Yeats's surprise, that Romantic Ireland was not in the grave with O'Leary.

There are no such romantic shadows in The Visited, a highly competent first novel which directs a sharp eye to aspects of English middleclass life which do not often come to light except in the pages of the 'Famous Trials' series and the News of the World. Edith Crannick is a spinster of fifty-five who beneath an unattractive exterior conceals an exorbitant capacity for passion. On holiday in Dublin, she meets a horrible little Don Juan of the suburbs by whom she is willingly seduced; this repellent pair find that, by one of those coincidences that are more frequent in life than in fiction, they are close neighbours in the London suburb where they both live, Edith with her widowed mother, and Leopold Darkin, her shabby demon lover, alone with his daughter as a temporary bachelor during his wife's absence from home. The Visited is the story of Edith Crannick's mounting determination to secure her lover as her husband, and of his attempts to escape so devouring a passion, which in the end reaches such fury that it compels Edith Crannick to matricide and destroys

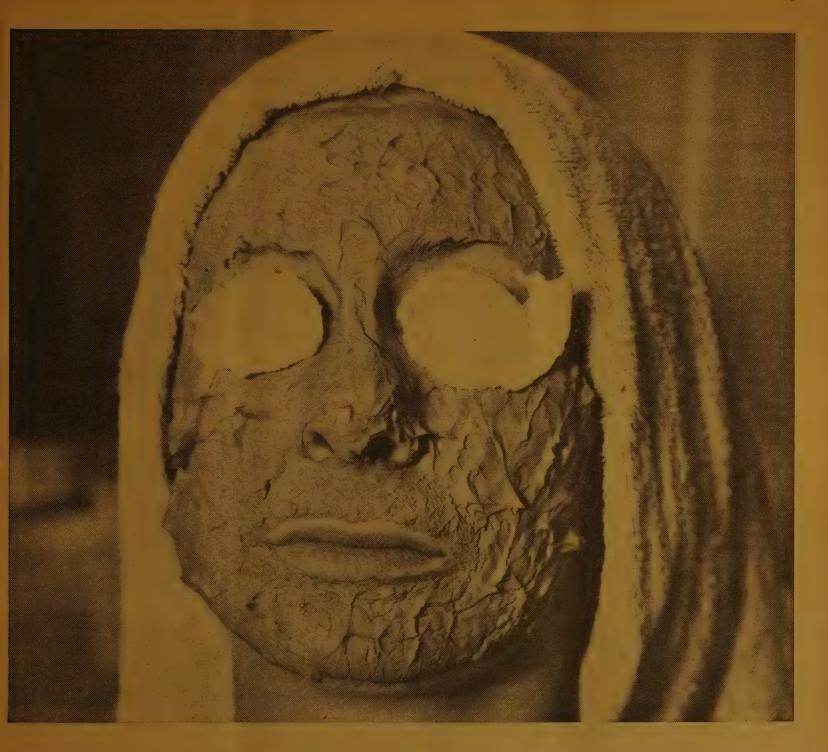
This is a grim little story, threatening at any moment to slip into melodrama, but never quite doing so because Miss O'Donovan takes so many pains to get the details of her picture right. We accept the monstrosity of Edith Crannick's passion, the meanness and ineptitude of her lover, because of the realism of the setting

in which they live. We know, though we are reluctant to believe, that there are just such households as those of Edith Crannick and Leopold Darkin, superficially genteel and morally squalid, and that many of them are the scenes of just such a murderous little struggle, fought over early-morning cups of tea, as goes on between Edith Crannick and her mother; and Miss O'Donovan records the daily habits of this strange submerged life of the London suburbs with such fidelity and accuracy that they bring just the right kind of amusement and diversion to what would otherwise be a story of unrelieved horror.

Some of its horror consists in the fact that Edith Crannick is one of those spiritual cannibals, more common than one likes to think, who want not merely to possess their lovers but to devour them whole. In Long Pig we are among, not metaphorical cannibals, but real man-eating ones, and it is doubtful which are more horrible than the others. Long Pig is essentially an adventure story of the kind which gave us so much pleasure in our boyhood and can still give us pleasure when they are well told; their merit consists in the continuous invention, under a cloak of realism, of exciting, bizarre and surprising incidents in men's struggle for existence in a totally strange and alien environment. The greatest of them all is Robinson Crusoe. Here the men are the survivors of the crew of the brig 'Argos', which foundered on a coral reef off one of the Fiji Islands on New Year's Eve, 1800. Nine of them are cast ashore, to find that the natives, at first friendly but later hostile in the belief that the white men have brought disease ashore with them, are cannibals, and that they themselves are likely to become their next meal.

Mr. Foreman gives some interesting though macabre details of the rites, ceremonies and beliefs associated with cannibalism and of other equally repellent practices of a primitive society; but even without these anthropological embellishments, his narrative of how two of the crew, together with a native girl, win their struggle for survival, while the others die, mutiny, are killed, murdered, eaten or go mad, is sufficiently varied and realistic to be continuously interesting.

GORONWY REES



The belle of the ball

This could be one of those "What-is-it?" quiz pictures but it isn't. Here, believe it or not, is beauty in the process of making itself even more beautiful.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY Unexceptionable Sentiments

ONE IS OFTEN puzzled how to react to the spectacle of the manifestly good man or woman promoting with earnestness perfectly unexceptionable sentiments. I mean more than just the 'preaching to the converted'; rather, the announcement, as if they were astonishing and personal discoveries, of moral clichés accepted by most sensible and civilized persons before

they are out of the schoolroom.

The subject of Tuesday's 'It Happened to Me' was Miss Josephine Baker; and one read in advance with mixed feelings of 'her life-long fight to establish that coloured people and white people belong to one human family'. In the context 'establish' seemed altogether too powerful a word. And one's uneasiness was not dispelled by Miss Baker's own somewhat heavily sentimental manner before the camera—she spoke some four or five times of her 'beautiful beautiful ideal', and then finally of her 'beautiful beautiful beautiful ideal' to round it

off; nor by Hywel Davies's handling of her, almost as gingerly as though she were royalty (though of course in a way she is). But when the cameras took us down to Périgord to examine the 'beautiful beautiful ideal' in action, and we saw the old chateau in which she has collected her unique family of orphans, each of different race, and of every colour from milk to blackest coffee; and when one re-flected that, whatever the state of in-formed Western European majority opinion, the world-picture of interracial toleration is sadly and desperately different: all one's criticisms were quelled. The manner of the expression may be off-putting to sophisticates; but the deed, the ridiculously happy little groups of blacks, whites and yellows all roaring with laughter in one another's arms, is strangely well done.

Much the same applied to the two

programmes of 'The Way Back' (Sundays, June 14 and 21). Here we were concerned with the problem of the man just out of prison, with his readjustment (or otherwise) to a life of freedom, his ability (or otherwise) to hold down a steady job; and with the pilot schemes now being launched to help him past these difficulties. Once again the sentiments were unexceptionable; and once again we were made fully conscious that an excellent (and very de-manding) job was being done. One's uneasiness came only from the way in which the actual fact of the crimes themselves was glossed over. Heaven



'It Happened to Me': Josephine Baker with some of her adopted children in the film about her international village on June 23



Carl Ebert (standing, centre) rehearsing Così fan tutte at Glyndebourne: from a film in 'Monitor' on June 21

Hanging nests of yellowtails seen in 'Birds of Tobago' in the 'Look' series, on June 26

forbid that one should return to the bad old accusing finger and the reiterated emphasis upon guilt. But this business of getting together and tacitly agreeing to pretend that nothing untoward has ever pretend that nothing untoward has ever happened may turn out to be even more deleterious in the end. If we are to drop the term 'criminals', I do not know that 'people who are up against society' is any better. The crime need not be emphasized; but it is after all part of a pattern that is incomplete without it. The programmes seemed to lack quite the necessary bite therefore and one hopes necessary bite, therefore, and one hopes that the producer and Mr. George Scott, the interviewer, may be a little more adventurous next time; that they may have, in fact, a little more confidence in

the good sense of their audience.
'Monitor' (Sunday) gave us excellent variety. Michael Ayrton was vocal and informative about the developments which have led up to his becoming a sculptor as well as a painter. Television can always

handle this kind of thing well, and this was no exception. The Czerny piece for thirty-two hands on eight pianos was a good joke and, surpris-ingly enough, good television too. The shots of Carl Ebert rehearsing his last Così fan tutte at Glyndebourne gave us a glimpse of the slow pain-staking approaches to a perfection that television, of its very nature, can never hope to aspire to. And Huw Wheldon's interviewing was as

suavely intelligent as could be.

Tuesday's profile of the young

Greek film director, Michael Cacoyannis (on this showing, the man with the most mobile face in Europe). was another good programme though a little bitty. The murder sequence from Stella in particular, with its true and peculiarly Greek sense of what constitutes the tragic, is not likely to be forgotten by at least one viewer

in a hurry.

Although one can never be quite unconscious of the comparative lack of definition of the television screen, the new 'Look' (Friday) started excellently with some magnificent film shots of bird life in Tobago. In my next incarnation I intend to be a male yellowtail. He sits upon a topmost branch alternately displaying his plumage and sucking nectar out of giant yellow flower-trumpets. Meanwhile his eight females slave away at the construction of as many hang-ing nests looking for all the world like gigantic Christmas stockings.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Sixty Minutes' Worth

THE IDEA of television drama as a cultural front line gallantly holding the barbarian at bay has led to some odd opinions about how long plays ought to be. At one time a cry of horror used to go up whenever Ibsen or Anouilh was blue-pencilled down to ninety minutes. Nowadays such outbursts are few: but the belief persists that length is in some way associated with quality. 'Go on, go on', babbles the hero of Samuel Beckett's *Embers*; 'every word is a

second gained

The chief object of attack has been the hourlength play. In spite of Chayefsky, in spite of Tad Mosel, it is still felt that American tele-vision playwrights have been hamstrung by the requirements of the market; and that a writer who soberly tailors a piece to fit into sixty minutes including the advertisement breaks has come basely to terms with the enemy.

The hour-length has much more to recom-mend it than commercial convenience and thanks to recent productions by the B.B.C. and the independent networks it is no longer necessary to justify it by American example. Peter Nichols's *Promenade*, Alexander Baron's A Bit of Happiness (I.T.V.), and Douglas Rae's The Withered Look of Summer (B.B.C.) all demonstrate that confinement within sixty minutes need not condemn a play to anecdotal triviality or thinness of characterization. Rather the opposite. Brevity releases the playwright from some of his more mechanical duties. He cannot hope to pull an audience through ninety minutes or more unless he throws them a rope in the shape of an eventful plot. But in writing to the hour length, which imposes far less strain on the audience's attention, he can let suspense look after itself and concentrate on situation, atmosphere, and character.

Mr. Rae's play is as potently endowed with these qualities as it is unremarkable in plot; indeed its events, minus the austere ending, belong to the stock-in-trade of the magazine story. A woman rapidly approaching the end of her youth and desperately in search of a lasting attachment embarks on an affair with a man as lonely as herself. Their anxious, stumbling courtship is pointedly set against the uncomplicated relationship of a young couple; and in the end they separate, recognizing that they share nothing but a fear of being alone.

All this could be predicted from the first ten minutes of the play: its virtues lay elsewhere. Myra, the woman, establishes these at the outset. She has all the lonely person's tricks of self-reliance, and she pays the price for them with her intimidating enthusiasm for art. The unattached man whom she meets in the

gallery and mistakes for a connoisseur is kind, dull, and physically timorous. Mr. Rae gives them a chaste night together, a scene played in dead oppressive silence which accumulated unbearable tension in Michael Leeston-Smith's production. Releasing this with an accidental embrace over the breakfast table, Mr. Rae goes on to show them trying to invent reasons for marriage. 'I can't break it off: he/she needs me'. The fact that it is broken off before illusions turn to lies gives the play a positive quality which conclusively protects it from being classified as a 'weepie'

There were a number of pretty visual puns in the production: the girl with no need to bother about culture appeared curled up in Baby Doll pyjamas at the end of one scene which faded into a shot of tired gallery visitors studying a nude in exactly the same

Patricia Heneghan played Myra with an impressive discharge of nervous energy, and Kevin Stoney, who is suffering too much type casting at present, brought his accustomed manner of appealing vulnerability to the part of the awkward lover.

If Mr. Rae succeeded in giving melan-choly events an affirmative ring, Alfred Shaughnessy in Release performed the equal feat of sinking an optimistic plot leaden depression. This certainly a cut above the author's last television play, The Breaking Point, but it shared with that unhappy piece a tendency to mistake the commonplace for the universal. Mr. Shaughnessy has not yet shown himself able to write about dull people without writing dully; even Release, which shows a girl seizing hungrily on life after a prison sentence for murder, is dominated by teapot, the neighbours, and the Odeon on the corner. The characters get through a good many glib moral imperatives, but not until the last few minutes, when Miss Freda

Jackson as a fiercely possessive mother gently asked her son if she could mend his socks, did the play attain the significant indirectness without which didactic dialogue cannot hope to persuade.

Ada F. Kay's Spindrift, based on the work of Naomi Mitchison and Denis Macintosh, was a block of local granite similar to others recently quarried by the Scottish studio. Overflowing with redundant detail and straggling over a number of years, with no sense of the passage of time, it concerned the, so I thought, helpless dependence of west coast fishermen on the whims of the herring shoals. Having taken the theme to be the grip of the sea over its own, I was corrected towards the end by a key speech on man's indomitable will. This was nobly spoken by Eric Woodburn but it was too late for me to readjust my impressions of the play.

If I fail to dwell on the current serialization of Trollope's The Eustace Diamonds, this is not because of any defect in Friday's first episode. Serials have browsed so long on the lush pastures of the Victorian novel that there is now little point in congratulating them on their digestion. Miss Wendy Williams, Mr. Robert Eddison, and Mr. Kynaston Reeves promise to ride the next five weeks' scandal with merciless punctilio: Miss Marjorie Deans's adaptation seems well up to standard; or above it.

IRVING WARDLE



cene from Part 1 of The Eustace Diamonds on June 26, with (left to right) tobert Eddison as Lord Fawn, Rosamund Greenwood as Julia Macnulty, David McCallum as Frank Greystock, and Wendy Williams as Lady Eustace



Kevin Stoney as Trevor and Patricia Heneghan as Myra in The Withered Look of Summer on June 25

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Perishing on the Shore

PERFORMANCES OF Mr. Samuel Beckett's works begin to threaten us with a cliché. Though Embers, produced by Mr. Donald McWhinnie (Third, June 24) displayed Mr. Beckett's awakening interest in the technical task of communicating his ideas, it had the familiar trade marks of our greatest living obscurantist. Croaking voices once more repeated insignificant words, effects were bizarre, and there were once more the pauses which are intended to provoke meditation but which succeed only in promoting impatient hysteria. The play did, however, avoid the cliché. Though it was once more a soliloquy by an Irish old man on the verge of death (once more) and filled with remorse (once more), it was technically sound.

Mr. Jack MacGowran as the ancient was clearly audible as well as being realistic and kept his death rattle under control so that I could for the first time get near to the playwright's meaning at one sitting. The old man sat and walked by the sea-shore, possessed of Donne's sin of fear and contemplating his life. As his life flickers it is those things which have been left undone that haunt him. His father,

daughter, wife, and others rebuke him mercilessly for the sin of his failure and Mr. Beckett thus suggests that there is nothing that we can do, that the sin of our incapacity is limitless and that, at the last, there is only remorse and regret and no forgiveness.

Having at last received Mr.

Beckett's dismal message incontrovertibly I feel justified in demanding to know why his work should be shrouded in such an ostentatious mystique. In coming partially to terms with the demands of the averagely intelligent listener he has at last shown his hand which reveals that he has not so many hidden aces as had been thought. While he kept to the mystique which propounds that a word, is a word, is a word, he played good intellectual poker. In *Embers* his hand is seen and the doubt grows that he might not be able to continue to raise the stakes.

Mr. Donald McWhinnie would clearly disagree with me. He and his cast lavished their great talents on this work, using practically every trick in the book. The sea, already symbolic in Mr. Beckett's mind, was made more symbolic by the top-dressing of an organ-like moan which is created by slowing up sounds on recording tape and which had already been used by him in his production of The Ocean. The memory of the use of the sound in The Ocean was unfortunate and marred the freshness of an approach to Mr. McWhinnie's other effects which contrived precisely the wavering and fading suggested by the title. Though I admired his interpretation and still do not doubt Mr. Beckett's sincerity, I would be interested to hear a play from the same stable which dealt with the problem of incommunicability in the standard currency of ordinary communication.

Most of the above would make good sense to Mr. Philip O'Connor whose He Who Refrains (Third, June 27) attempted a definition of the poet's ecology. Though this morality play dealt with those problems of creativity that Mr. Beckett's supporters claim that he has at heart, it used naturalistic dialogue, couplets, comprehendible free verse, and was delivered almost clinically. Mr. O'Connor's poet was played by Mr. Trader Faulkner who really sounded as if he were enjoying getting his teeth into some words with a bit of muscle in them. The poet plays the role of poet to his friends and society and only discovers after a fall downstairs that true creating demands that he should refrain from the trivia of attitudes, from the self-consciousness which is not a knowledge of self, from the lust for posterity or recognition. I have now heard this work twice and would gladly hear it again. Mr. Alan Rawsthorne's music was a delight and Mr. Douglas Cleverdon clearly believes that his cast should make every word heard.

Mr. Stephen Grenfell's The Assessment (Home, June 25) preached a sermon for overbearing fathers. It overheard a father (Mr. Victor Lucas) examining his responsibility for the attempted suicide of his schoolboy son. When the father realizes how much he has driven the boy, the boy recovers and there is a hospital-bed reconciliation. Though the father was necessarily strong I would have liked the piece more if he had crumbled a little more at the end. Miss Gerda Cohen's Festival at Cold Umbrage (Third, June 26) was a Caryl Brahmsian satire on Festivalia. It was no doubt placed on the Third because many of its jokes would have seemed justifiably unfunny to Home and Light listeners. Characters were well drawn but most of them came from stock already pillaged by Miss Joyce Grenfell, Mr. Stephen Potter, and Mr. Eric Barker.

Mr. Colin Morris's Take-Over (Home, June

Mr. Colin Morris's Take-Over (Home, June 28) was curiously not acknowledged as a television play. The visual sequences were covered by a sensibly factual narration. It stated the case so carefully for and against take-over bids that I am still trying to make up my mind about them.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Good and Bad Form

Two recent talks, Karl Miller's on 'The Poet's Novel', and Donald Davie's on 'The Toneless Voice of Robert Graves', touched incidentally—they could do no more in a short space—on vast and important subjects: subjects not new, but always turning up in some new form. In the first case, it seemed to me that the general problem indicated was: how is the novel to be made into a living art-form, and not simply a commercial process, a vehicle of more or less standard design, turned out by professionals with a steady eye on the competitive market? That professional competence of the latter sort is the enemy of genius, was shown up

clearly enough in the reception accorded to Dr. Zhivago over here, not by the public, who are still consuming it at a best-seller rate, nor by the critics as a whole, but by the professionals, whose muttered verdict was that this was an amateurish performance, obscure, obscurantist, devoid of narrative power, construction, or the ability to draw character.

Perhaps the gist of all this simply amounted to the objection that Pasternak, as a poet, has no business to meddle with the novel, which is right outside his department. And this, I think, signifies that if the writing of fiction in the U.S.S.R. has become a subsidiary organ of government propaganda, over here it is very much in danger of becoming quite as departmentalized, though from within rather than from without. Poetry is the extra-rational, intuitive force which must therefore be excluded at all costs. It breaks up categories, crumples up forms and procedures, creates a sense of ambiguity and uneasiness everywhere. And of course we ought to know this from previous examples. Think of Moby Dick, that disastrous vision, which Mr. Maugham, not so long ago, retailored and presented in what he considered a more acceptable form; or of Dead Souls which, instead of being the Russian comedy of manners it ought to have been, set out to be nothing less than a Divine Comedy in prose.

Nevertheless these disasters survive, along with *Ulysses*, which was hailed in not dissimilar terms in some quarters when it first appeared. Mr. Miller rightly pointed out that the current reaction in favour of safe and established procedures—and the dominant models in latter-day fiction seem to be Bennett, Trollope, Buchan, and Wodehouse—dates from the acceptance of the notion that Joyce had brought experiment to a full close. His work had a tremendous impact, and virtually no influence. In poetry itself, a similar reaction set in, once the experiments of Eliot, Pound, and others had established themselves as precedents not to be followed. Indeed the principles on which they originally worked have never been properly examined, criticism having directed itself to mannerisms and to the elucidation of particular

That the reaction has gone too far, and that poetry today has mainly tended to reduce itself voluntarily to a sort of genteel treadmill from which it must sooner or later find escape, seemed to me the burden of Dr. Davie's talk, though his particular subject was the voice or style of Robert Graves, a poet who has always stood out on his own, neither founding nor following a school. But that his poetry can be described as toneless simply because, whatever the subject, it is framed as vatic utterance and appears to ignore its audience, seems to me doubtful. The term might more easily be applied, for instance, to the poetry of the late Edwin Muir, who was compared by Mr. Eliot, in a recent programme, to George Herbert. The comparison may have its points, but can we imagine Muir beginning a poem with 'Throw away thy rod!' or 'I struck the board and cry'd, No More . . .'? We think of Herbert as a quietist poet, but what modern poet, Muir or another, would dare to risk such exclamatory outbursts?

Vachel Lindsay was a poet of the big drum par excellence, and last Thursday five of his most characteristic pieces were given the treatment in a programme produced by Anthony Thwaite. When poetry so consistently evokes and reproduces in itself all the effects of the brass band and the bass drum, is there much use, I wonder, in super-adding the real thing? Of Max Saunders's musical effects you might say that they were excellent, if only they'd been a little more necessary. And they were brought up so close to the ear that the voices of Robert Adams, Marvin Kane, and Guy Kingsley

Poynter, full-throated as they were, had a hard time of it keeping the poems uppermost. But the readings in themselves were vibrant, thoroughly in the spirit of the poetry. Out of the contest as a whole, it seemed to me that 'General William Booth enters into Heaven' emerged as the best and most original sound-picture of the five.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Semele and Rodelinda

THE OUTSTANDING EVENTS of the past few evenings have been the Handel Opera Society's productions at Sadler's Wells of Semele and Rodelinda (Third Programme, June 23 and 26). They were extraordinarily good, judged at least (which is all I do now) as musical sound, as ordered musical perspectives and textures. Strictly speaking Semele is a hybrid, a cross between opera and oratorio. The original title leaves it in mid-air: 'The Story of Semele. As it is perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden. Alter'd from the Semele of Mr. William Congreve. Set to musick by Mr. George Frederick Handel. A secular tale, it was not properly an oratorio; but it was written in that style and so, poor thing, it was not an opera either. Those who saw Semele staged in Cambridge, when it was produced in the New Theatre by Dennis Arundell in 1925, will have realized the dramatic potentialities in Handel's hybrid and been ready to enjoy themselves at Sadler's Wells. I gather that they did and that the name part was acted by Heather Harper as attractively as she sang it.

Rodelinda is a true opera. One missed something, I imagine, by not seeing it with anything more than an inward eye of faith. After the clash of fighters' swords, near the end of the long evening, there broke out a great giggle; evidently something had happened that even the most serious opera audience could not stomach. We who were simply listening were spared that little incident and so could take comfort at not being in the theatre. There was, in fact, enough for our private enjoyment in the music alone and in the consistently high level of performance both vocally and orchestrally.

If mention is made here of a single singer, that must be prefaced by a general commendation of the cast as a whole. It was a gathering of good singers. The Rodelinda of Joan Sutherland was the finest experience of the evening for this listener. For a moment I felt chagrined at missing the spectacle; for if, as I understand, her acting matched her splendid singing, then indeed visionless listening was inadequate. She sang the superb aria in the second act 'Spietati, io vi guirai' so grandly as to bring before one the very scene itself. (I give the Italian but this was David Harris's English version we heard.) She seemed to sing almost everybody off the stage. Edwiga, 'an indignant contralto' in the narrator's felicitous phrase, had her moments as Janet Baker brought the character to life in Handel's tense music.

It was this that held our attention in aria after aria of extraordinary melodic invention; so that, far from being exhausted with so long an evening's music, we were enthralled throughout. Such abundance is amazing, produced as it is without ever lowering its own lofty standard of eloquence and dramatic forcefulness. With such a man working in the London theatre, how could lesser composers hope to make headway? The score is crammed with notable things such as the recorders accompanying the exquisite echo aria for a female Bertarido in the second act; the wonderful slumber song in the last act, an escape from 'the empty joys of empire' the libretto told us; the shepherd boy's song; all of these

finely expressed by the accompanying orchestra under Charles Farncombe to whom much of the success of the performance is due. And, of course, the dungeon scene in the third act: many have drawn attention to the likeness here to Beethoven's Fidelio; in Handel's scene there is no chorus, the whole action is concentrated in one soloist and there the premonition of Beethoven's scene loses contact. Yet the mood in Handel does strangely anticipate Fidelio, remaining at the same time wholly Handelian in manner and emotional emphasis.

Before such a barrage of eighteenth-century

grandeur the mind could stand up to little else. Nothing of that period could have left any deep impression; what was needed was glaring contrast. That was forthcoming in the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra's concert under Walter Goehr (Third Programme, June 25), in two modern works, the Concert Music for piano, brass and two harps by Hindemith and the first Chamber Symphony by Schönberg. These were competent performances, Monique Haas bright and efficient in the Hindemith, the orchestra clear in both works. The interest of the early Schönberg piece was in the overpowering

influence from Mahler still at work on the imagination of that budding revolutionary. Blameless, as it seemed, of any of those angularities and precipitous disjointed phrases that we now think of as being the essential Schönberg, this music sounded tame by comparison with that of his maturity. Looking on him as an iconoclast, though in reality he was an idol-maker and a stern systematizer, we find it hard to accept this early work where the idiom, in its sheer conventionality, seems foreign to his whole conception of doing things new.

SCOTT GODDARD

Norwegian Song

The second of three programmes of Norwegian art-song will be broadcast at 5.0 p.m. on Sunday, July 5 (Third)

THERE IS A LONG and flourishing tradition of folk song in but it was not until the eighteen-Norway, forties that the publication of Lindeman's Norske Fjeldmelodier drew the attention of Norwegian composers to its riches. It was the impact of this and subsequent volumes, as well as the rising fortunes of Norwegian letters during the Romantic period, that did much to stimulate the growth of Norwegian art-song during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Its foundations were laid in the middle of the century by Halfdan Kjerulf (1815-68) and Rikard Nordraak (1842-66), both of whom were closely connected with the dramatist Bjørnson, one of the major figures in Norwegian nationalism. A glance at a song like Tonen (The Tune) Nordraak reveals the extent of Grieg's debt to his contemporary, who died before reaching his twenty-fourth birthday. In another song, Ingered Sletten, his first setting of Bjørnson, written when he was nineteen, Nordraak suggests in the piano accompaniment the character of the slaatt, the Norwegian folk dance that is internationally associated with Grieg.

Yet Grieg in his songs hardly ever quoted folk music directly though his music breathes its spirit. He was indeed adamant on this point and wrote to a friend towards the end of his life: 'Out of all my hundred-odd songs, only one, Solveig's Song, has a borrowed tune'. Nevertheless so natural and spontaneous is his melodic invention and so close does he come to the language of Norway's folk music that it is easy to understand the mistaken impression that has gained currency that he did in fact make free use of it. But the relations that should obtain between the national composer and his country's folk music were summed up by Nordraak in these words:

Listen to the unclothed plaintive melodies that wander, like so many orphans, round the country-side all over Norway. Gather them about you . . . and let them tell you their stories. Remember them all, reflect and then play each one afterwards so that you solve all riddles and everyone thinks you like his story best.

Nordraak as well as Grieg fully realized that to achieve the truly national in Norwegian music they should not rest content to quote *springars* and *hallings*, and other dances.

The question of folk music apart, Nordraak's musical sympathies were more classical than those of Grieg, whose early songs reflect his enthusiasm for German romanticism. But not long after their encounter in the early 'sixties we find Grieg's songs responding to his growing fascination for the musical language of the Norwegian people. Their basic debt to it emerges clearly in their preponderantly strophic design.

Even Haugtussa (The Troll Maiden) composed in 1896-98 and Grieg's finest song-cycle, makes little use of the elaborate devices of integration that we encounter in many earlier song-cycles by German composers, and all but one of its eight numbers lie on predominantly strophic foundations. In his predilection for the simple strophic song Grieg is not alone, for other Scandinavian composers regarded it with favour, including Nielsen and the Swedish composer Rangström.

But for all its outward simplicity Haugtussa is a highly integrated work; each of the songs mirrors perfectly the varying states of feeling of the Troll Maiden and her surrender to a young lover, who finally abandons her. Grieg at his simplest and most direct in Ungmøen (The Little Maid), the second song from Haugtussa, or in the touching Millom rosor (Among the roses) written almost thirty years earlier on the death of his child, possesses the effortless mastery that he rarely matches in his larger scale instrumental works for all their freshness and thematic resource.

Grieg's choice of verse embraced foreign poets such as Chamisso, Heine and (on one occasion) Goethe as well as Scandinavian masters like Bjørnson and Ibsen. The settings of German poets did in fact serve to ensure him a public outside Scandinavia and it was in German translations that many of his other songs became known here. The fact remains, however, that whether sung in English or German translation, Grieg's songs lose an essential part of their character divorced from the Norwegian texts, much in the same way that Mussorgsky does when sung in French. Although Grieg set only German texts apart from Danish and Nor-wegian, some Norwegian composers (including Kjerulf himself) did in fact venture into English. Two of them, Johan Backer Lunde (b.1874) and Fridtjof Backer Grøndahl (b.1885), are related to the pianist Agathe Backer Grøndahl, who is familiar to readers of Shaw's Music in London as a frequent visitor to this country during the 'eighties and 'nineties. Fridtjof, the son, came here many times as a concert pianist, and settled in this country for a time during the 'twenties. His songs include settings by Tennyson and Shelley that will be included in the series. However, both these composers lie on the fringe of Norwegian song and their contribution to its literature is not of major importance.

Like them, few Norwegian song composers have escaped the influence of Grieg. Even the youngest and most promising of them, Arne Dørumsgaard, who was born as recently as 1920, is not free from the shadows cast by that master. Two of the most important song composers of the older generation are David Monrad-Johanson, Grieg's biographer, and

Ludvig Irgens Jensen, who is one of the most characteristic Norwegian composers of his day.

Jensen has, in fact, probably made a more important contribution to the literature of Norwegian song than either Fartein Valen or Harald Saeverud, who are far more influential figures with an international reputation. Jensen succumbed to the influence of Carl Nielsen; this is discernible in *Driftekaren* (The Drover) the second movement of which is very much in the spirit of a vocalize. It was however some of his early songs which established him in Norway; Altar, his best-known song, is certainly a good instance of his simplicity of style and freshness of inspiration.

Both Saeverud and Geirr Tveitt have taken a specialized interest in the folk music of Western Norway, though Tveitt may be said to represent something of an extreme in Norwegian nationalism. His absorption in folk music as well as his modal inclinations colour his musical style; his songs, however, and his researches into Hardanger music have won him a wide measure of respect in Norway. To their number we must also add the veteran composer Sverre Jordan, who is seventy this year, and who has played a leading part in the musical life of Bergen.

The younger generation of Norwegian composers has of course, responded to developments on the Continent, and like Valen and Saeverud, they have tended to give their attention first and foremost to orchestral and chamber music. A striking exception is Arne Dørumsgaard, perhaps the only Norwegian composer of his generation with an international reputation which rests, as did that of the Finnish composer Kilpinen, on his output of songs. This is partly the result of his arrangements of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century vocal music entitled Canzone scordate. He showed an early talent for composition, his settings of poems from Garborg's Haugtussa being composed when he was only fourteen. Most of the songs by which he is known outside Scandinavia were written before he was nineteen. Salme (Psalm) from a set of Alvorlige Sanger was composed in his seventeenth year and shows extraordinary assurance for a boy as well as striking emotional maturity. Et barn written in 1939 gives a highly imaginative picture of a lost child crying for its mother and wandering in search of her.

Dørumsgaard's harmonic style is more economical than that of the majority of his contemporaries (including Edvard Fliflet Braein, the most gifted of the younger Norwegian composers) and this in spite of many years' residence in Paris. But his songs often evoke a mood with real intensity and serve as proof of the flourishing condition of the lyrical miniature perfected by Grieg at the end of the last century.

Bridge Forum

Slam Bidding-Culbertson and Blackwood

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

BECAUSE SLAM BIDDING is so exciting, one of the main

requirements of most players is a convention for investigating slams. The two challengers for their affection are the Culbertson Four-Five No Trump convention and Blackwood, with the latter at present the more popular.

The common fault is in the misuse of slam conventions: the Culbertson Four No Trump bid can be made only when certain specific requirements are fulfilled: the Blackwood, because it leaves more to the judgment of the individual, is easily misused. The Culbertson requirements are a holding of either two aces and the king of a bid suit or three aces. With no ace the responder signs off in five of the lowest bid suit: with either two aces or one ace and the kings of all the bid suits he responds Five No Trumps: with one ace, he bids that ace.

The Blackwood bid of Four No Trumps has no condition, other than good sense, placed on its use. It asks partner to say how many aces he holds: a response of Five Clubs shows no ace, Five Diamonds shows one ace, Five Hearts two aces, and Five Spades three aces. On four aces the modern practice is to respond Five Clubs, on the grounds that there can hardly be confusion between four aces and none. A subsequent bid of Five No Trumps invites partner to show his kings in similar fashion. One must tread considerably more warily when the agreed trump suit is a minor, particularly with the Blackwood, which lacks the built-in safety

device which is a feature of the Culbertson convention. If Clubs were the agreed suit and there were two aces missing the Culbertson bidders could not get out of their depth through the mechanics of their convention. To make the bid one player would have to hold both aces and his partner would, inevitably, have to sign-off in Five Clubs. In the same situation a Blackwood player, holding one ace himself, might introduce Four No Trumps, and the response of Five Diamonds would carry the partnership beyond the safety level of Five Clubs.

Blackwood does offer one chance to stop safely when the mark has been apparently overshot.

- ♠ K 5
- ♥ K 8 6
- ♦ K 9
- A Q 10 8 7 6

Partner opens One Spade, you respond Two Clubs and partner raises to Three Clubs. It seems eminently reasonable to credit him with the King of that suit. If he has three aces to go with it we can almost count thirteen tricks since, at the worst, his spades should offer a discard for the third heart. If he has two aces the small slam should be safe since, with clubs as trumps, both the red kings are protected against an opening lead. We launch into Blackwood and, to our horror, partner responds Five Diamonds, showing one ace only. We could try to escape into Five Spades, but partner's suit may be far from solid and we should be exposing the red kings

from the start: the best way out of danger is to be permitted to play in Five No Trumps. A bid of Five No Trumps at this stage would request kings: a bid of a new suit however, in this case Five Hearts, commands partner to bid Five No Trumps which can now be passed as the final contract.

The C.A.B. bidding system, because of its immediate ace-showing responses after an opening bid of Two Clubs, varies the responses to Blackwood after the big opening bid. After an opening bid of Two Clubs a subsequent conventional bid of Four No Trumps invites partner to show his kings, and if this is followed by Five No Trumps, that in turn becomes a request for queens.

Certain leading tournament players have introduced special void-showing conventions in their Blackwood responses but these are as yet neither sufficiently general in their use nor proven in their results. A closing word on the Four No Trump bid might well be that there are many occasions on which one wants to bid Four No Trumps because that is what the hand is worth: the use of the bid in this sense is described as 'quantitative' and invites partner to go on only if he has sufficient general values. The Four No Trump bid is conventional only when a suit has been agreed either directly or by clear inference: at all other times it is quantitative.

Next week's article will describe the opening bid of One No Trump.

Water-lilies for Pools of All Sizes

By FRANCES PERRY

WATER-LILIES are not plants solely for the large garden; they will grow in large pools or small ones, tubs, baths, or even a very large bowl, if you select the right varieties. In a word, any receptacle capable of holding water is a potential pool; and indeed one of the most attractive I ever saw was on a London roof-garden.

Water-lilies are among the most historically interesting and widely spread of plants. They are indigenous to nearly all countries, with the possible exception of New Zealand and the Pacific coast of America, and come in a wide range of colours—blue, red, yellow, and white with various intermediate shades. The habit, too, varies, from the celery-like rootstock of our native species and the iris-like rhizomes of North American natives to kinds with almost bulbous roots, others which increase viviparously from the leaves, and at least one—and an important species for it has sired all the hardy yellow forms—which runs like a strawberry with plantlets at the end of each runner.

In this country water-lilies must be grown in full sun, otherwise they will not flower. The plants do best in really heavy soil, enriched perhaps with rotted cow-manure or bonemeal. Organic materials of a fibrous nature—peat, leaf-mould, even fibrous loam—should be

avoided as they encourage green water and algae during the inevitable breakdown processes.

Use the compost in very wet condition or it will not bind, and plant firmly either in a basket or directly into soil in the pond itself. A solid container is less desirable than one with open sides. After planting just cover the crowns with water. Never submerge them fully at this stage or they will take weeks to recover. Prop the baskets up with bricks and lower them gradually, taking six to eight weeks to complete the operation.

Suggested varieties for various depths are:



Large ponds, depth eighteen inches to two feet: Gladstoniana: white

James Bryden: red, cup-shaped, very free flowering

Rene Gerard: stellate flowers, sometimes nine inches across, rose speckled crimson

Sunrise: golden-yellow

Medium ponds or tubs, depth twelve to eighteen inches:

Graziella: reddish-yellow lightening with age, spotted foliage

Odorata sulphurea: yellow

Odorata: white

Odorata rosea: pink, This variety was found in 1893 in a curious fashion. In Buffalo, North America, farmers turning over virgin land frequently found small tubers. As far as local records went there had been no standing water there for nearly a century. Yet when one farmer threw a few of the tubers into his pond they flowered (for the first time) as pink water-lilies.

For rock garden pools or small containers, depth six to twelve inches:

Pygmaea alba: small white flowers, green leaves Pygmaea helvola: soft yellow (the size of a shilling) mottled leaves

Water-lilies can be planted from the beginning of March until early July.

-Based on a broadcast in Network Three

A Dinner for July

By MARGARET RYAN



A two-course dinner for four people, costing approximately £1, using ingredients now in the shops.

TROUT A LA DORIA, meringues Chantilly, fresh

Shopping List									
Fishmonger:				S.	d.				
4 trout (5-7 oz. each)		8s. to	10	0				
Greengrocer:									
1 cucumber	****	****	**** -	1.	8				
2 lemons	****	****	****		9				
parsley	****	****			3				
mint	****	****	****		3				
1 lb. (more or less,					1				
of raspberries	****	****	5s. to.	3	0				
Grocer:									
2 oz. of butter	****		****		5				
12 oz. of caster sugar	r	****	****		8				
flour	****	****	****		1				
seasoning	****	****	-		1				
vamilla		****	****		1				
Dairy:									
3 eggs	****	****	***	1	1 1/2				
cream	****		****	1	9				
			61	0	11				
			21	U	12				

For this dinner prepare the meringues, the raspberries, and the cucumber beforehand, leaving yourself free to give all your attention to the trout immediately before serving the meal. Recipes are therefore given in order of cooking. For the meringues Chantilly take 3 egg whites; 6-7 oz. of caster sugar; cream flavoured

very slightly with vanilla and sweetened to taste. Beat three whites of egg very stiff and dry, with a pinch of salt. Add three teaspoons of the sugar and continue to beat hard for another full minute. Fold in the balance of six ounces of sugar with a metal spoon (the remaining ounce is for sprinkling). Pipe, or shape with two spoons, on to a lightly oiled baking sheet. Dredge lightly with caster sugar and bake in very low oven (Regulo ‡ or 200°) for 1½ hours. Remove meringues from sheet, turn over and slightly crush the flat side. Return to oven for about 20 minutes. When quite cold sandwich together with cream Chantilly.

For the cream Chantilly you need: cream; sugar; a few drops vanilla essence (or use vanilla-flavoured sugar). Whip the double cream until fairly stiff. Sweeten very slightly to taste with vanilla-flavoured sugar, or add a few drops vanilla essence.

The raspberries may be served fresh or, alternatively, layered with caster sugar and left in a bowl for two or three hours before serving,

when the sugar will melt and the juice run.

To prepare the cucumber for trout à la Doria, take 1 whole cucumber; salt; chopped mint.

Peel the cucumber and cut into four, lengthwise, and then into fingers, or scoop into small balls with a melon scoop. Put into cold, salted water and bring to the boil. Boil gently 2-3 minutes. Drain well and dish with the trout, sprinkled with chopped mint.

For the trout à la Doria take 4 trout, 5-7 oz. each in weight; 2 oz. of butter; 1-2 lemons; 1 teaspoon of finely chopped parsley; 1 teaspoon of lemon juice. Have the trout cleaned by the fishmonger. Wipe the fish as dry as you can. Put some seasoned flour on a large sheet of greaseproof paper. Dip each trout in the flour, coating evenly. Shake gently to dispose of surplus flour. Heat 1 oz. butter in a thick frying pan, large enough to hold the fish comfortably with room to turn them over. Watch carefully, and the moment the butter foams lay the trout in the pan. The fish must cook steadily but not fast in the butter which should sizzle quietly

but continuously. Shake the pan occasionally very gently to and fro without lifting it from the heat. After 5 or 6 minutes, turn the fish carefully, using two fish slices (on no account use a fork or a knife). Cook the other side for a similar time. When cooked they should be golden-bronze with the skin quite unbroken. Lift them out carefully and put them into a hot dish. Wipe out the pan and throw in the second ounce of butter and allow it to get slightly brown. Add the teaspoon of lemon juice and the finely chopped parsley, shake well and pour evenly over the trout. Serve at once with quarters of lemon.

Notes on Contributors

Austen Kark (page 3): scriptwriter for European Productions Department of the B.B.C.; has just returned from a tour of West Africa

ROBERT HELLER (page 5): United States correspondent of The Financial Times

DONALD DAVIE (page 11): Lecturer in English, Cambridge University; author of A Winter Talent and other poems, Articulate Energy, Brides of Reason, Purity of Diction in English Verse, etc.

Dorothy Sylvester (page 16): Senior Lecturer in Geography, Manchester University; author of Map and Landscape, etc. John Steegman (page 26): Director of the

Museum of Fine Arts, Montreal, 1952-58; Keeper of the Department of Art in the National Museum of Wales, 1945-52; author of Consort of Taste, The Rule of Taste, Hours in the National Portrait Gallery, etc.

Crossword No. 1,518.

Schizologia-VI.

By Tyke

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 9. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of The Listener, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

		2			3	-	4	-		5	6		7
	44	18	by a						8		100		4
9			10				11				1	1	
	100								2.				
12					100		13					14	
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	14	15		16		17		18		19			
20	1	PAN A		120				9		1.7.			21
22						5.0		2.3					
											06		
24								25			26		1
	: 1					10							TE
27				Mg.	28			-					12-30

Clues 1, 14 and 28 are normal. In the remainder, the clue leads to an intermediate word of the number of letters stated in brackets. Each intermediate word is to be divided into two parts, one of which, without further alteration, is inserted in the appropriate spaces to form either the beginning or the end of a new word. The other part, again without alteration, is inserted elsewhere in the puzzle, to complete a word. Thus HARDEST, ROYAL and FOR might lead to DESTROY and FOAL, leaving HAR and R for use with other part-words. One light is the name of an island, Punctuation is best ignored.

CLUES-ACBOSS

- 1. Take two pice: might be only a drop in the ocean (9)
- 5. What one must do before taking a seat in Parliament (5)
- 9. Pernicious—but would doubtless have a pleasant sound in a warehouse (7)
- 11. Friend swallows sodium carbonate just like a protector (8)
- 12. Live-deaths with a final twist (5)
- Putting on academic garments? (7)
 Pupils sometimes do—then latin masters are upset (12)
- 22. Fluorine deprivation leads to waste in silk manufacture (5)

- manufacture (5)

 23. A critical moment for a G & S character (5)

 24. Just the vehicle for a tea-fight (7)

 25. Past reform, but needing some slight change (6)

 27. Go on sounding like a paid tennis star (7)

 28. Has no conjunctions: yes, 'and' not to be found here (9)

- 1. Discreet, maybe, but it makes one blush in the start of the Pentameron (7)
- 2. Retaliation—in the lab. (6)
- A misprint? Alter it—yes, alter it! (7)
- 4. Garments—for 23s, perhaps? (5)
- 6. If I have a family of rodents following, there is much bitter feeling (6)
- 7. Animal (English) joins the acting profession (5)
- 8. Goddess takes tea oddly (3)
- 10. With which to do the reverse in Scotland? (4)
- 15. Triangular 17 Rev (6)
- 16. May be useful in the study of the weather, but it is different in practicel (8)17. Kind of limestone with a specially-assumed name (4)
- 18. Dog with a kiss suggests a Yule-tide quarrel (7)
- 19. More suitable half of a class of primitive insects (5)
- 20. Disorderly Greek in a tree, at rest (8)
- 21. A thing with 25 uses makes certain (7)
- 26. Dull suggestion that mother abstains from alcohol (4)

Solution of No. 1.516



1st prize: R. G. Futcher (Loughborough); 2nd prize: D. P. M. Michael (Cardiff); 3rd prize: T. Yates (Manchester, 14)

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